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1808

MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS,

SOME OF WHICH ARE IN THE

Cumberland and Scottish

DIALECTS.

THE AUTHOR,

JOHN STAGG.

Hail, holy light! offspring of Heav'n first-born!

. . . . . .

. . . . . Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovereign vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt.

MILTON.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE rapidity with which many of the following pieces have been composed and committed to the press, together with the peculiar situation of the author, who is unfortunately precluded from the means necessary for a proper correction and revision of the whole; plead powerfully in behalf of the indulgence of a generous public,—to whom the author is already very much indebted. Under any other circumstances, valuable improvements might undoubtedly have been made, such as would have contributed to render this feeble effort, in some respects worthy of being ushered to the notice and acceptance of a judicious age—but perfectly sensible of his own inability, the author presumes not even to HOPE that he will gain the approbation of a world too discerning not to distinguish be-

tween such Trifles and Works whose merits have been acknowledged universally. His sole reliance and hopes of success, are therefore founded on the candour of that public whose benevolence he has already so amply experienced, and which shall ever be most gratefully remembered, by

Their most obliged

And very humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

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POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

THE BRIDEWAIN.

Written in the CUMBERLAND DIALECT.

The subject of the following poem, with many of the incidents it contains, may perhaps, to some of our remoter countrymen, appear rather romantic and ludicrous, whilst others may be disposed to object entirely to the verity of such a narrative; but to those who are more intimately acquainted with the rural manners and simple customs of the county of *Cumberland*, I am confident of their acknowledging every circumstance that has been introduced; nay, even what may appear the fanciful embellishments of this pastoral. It is a fact well known to the inhabitants of this county, that when a youthful couple conceive a disposition to venture on the voyage of matrimony, with perhaps more of the assurances of the blind god, than the blind goddess, or in plain English, with more love than money, the bridegroom generally engages two or three of his companions to assist him in canvassing round ten or a dozen of the adjacent parishes, where they invite all, indiscriminately, to assemble on such a day, to assist in solemnizing the nuptials of ———.

An' some ruode east, an' some ruode west,
An' some ruode fast an' far,
An' some gat sae mislear'd wi' drink,
They ruode the de'il kens whar.
Now th' auld guid fwokes that staid at heame,
As thropweyfe they war thrang,
An' meat an' drink, an' ither things,
Reight moider'd war amang,
Thro' a' that day.

Now a' their bidden owr an' duone,
Reight tir'd they heamward speed,
But some at th' Abbey, owr a quart,
Theirsells to slocken 'greed;
Then great Job Bruff gat on a thruff,
An' rais'd a fearfu' rout,
'At some day suon at S—b—n—s,
They'd hev a parlish bout
O'th' bredyewain day.

At last this sizlin pack consent
When dark, towards heame to draw,
Then down to th' Cwoate, for t'other slwote,
They gallop yen an' a';
This neeght, the cheerfu' breyde-pot's drunk,
Wi' dances, sangs, an' murth,
An' mebby some sma' jobs are duone,
That bissness may ca' furth,
Some other day.

But now the lang-expected mworn
Of murriment arrives,
Wheyle helter-skelter frae a' airts,
I' swarms the country drives;
The lasses in their feyne pearce claes,
The lads baith trig an' souple;
Owr hill an' knowe, thro' seugh an' sowe,
Comes tiftan many o' couple,
Hauf saim'd that day.

Frae Cowgoe, Brumfelt, an' Cruokdake,
Frae Speatry, Bwoal, an' Bowtan,
An' evry parish roun' about,
The fwoaks i' swarms come rowten:
An' monie a queerfar'd jwoat was there,
An' monnie an' unco't shaver,
Some wantin' mence, some wantin' sense,
An' some their best behaviour
Put on that day.

Frae Angerton wheyte to Dubbmill,
Nin mist, as yen may say,
But a' wi' yae consent seem'd met,
To mence this merry day.
Wheyle Allonby turn'd out en masse,
Ding dang, baith man an' woman,
An' parlish pranks 'mang Silloth banks,
They hed as they were comin'
To th' Cwoate that day.

But it wad need a Homer's Head,
War I to tak in han',
To sing or say what fwoak that day,
War there or how they wan;
For far an' near an' God kens whare,
By common invitation.
Wi' young an' auld and great an' laal,
Seem'd met on this occasion,
Wi' glee that day.

Lang Leeny com wi' woal ey'd Wull,
Wi' thing o' Causway Head,
Wi' what's they ca' him o' Foulseyke,
Tom Bewly an' Jack Reed;
Wi' jumpin' Jonathan, auld Joe Barnes,
Dumb Jer'my an' lang Beaty,
Wi' thingumbob o' Southerfield,
Hard's Miller an' peed Peaty,
War there that day.

Blackan o' Warton, he was there,
An' Barwise Lads o'th' Tarns,
Wi' Irish Cursty, Canterin Ned,
An' fratcheous Gweordy Barns;
Wi' stutrin' Isaac, lispin' Frank,
Job Keay an' Robby Weyse,
An hundred mair wheas neams to tell,
Or sing, wad sarra tweyce,
Com on this day.

In shwort to say upon this day,
Frae yae nuik an' anither,
Twea thousand war frae far an' near,
Assembled here together;
The rwoads war clean, the weather warm,
The lasses a' luik'd preymly,
An' whup for smack, the party pack,
A' aimin' to be teymly
O'th' sod this day.

Wi' bizzy care the blushin' breyde
An' maids theirsells are bussin,
Wheyle some wi' pillion seats an' sonks
To gear their naigs are fussin.
Wi' glentin' spurs an' weel clean'd buits,
Lin sark, an' neyce cword breeches,
The breydegroom roun' the midden pant,
Proud as a peacock stretches,
Reeght crouse that day.

Now heevy-skeevy off they set,
To th' Kurk, a merry crew,
Some gravely pac'd up th' turnpike rwoad,
Wheyle some like leeghtnin' flew;
Neer ak, they a' gat there i' teyme,
The priest was ready waitin',
The wed'ners just took gluts a piece,
Wheyle he his buik was laitin',
Frae th' kist that day.

His lesson fun'd an' a' set reeght,
To wark they gat wi' speed,
You tak this woman for your weyfe,
The breydegroom grumph'd agreed:
An' you young woman promise here,
To honour an' obey
Your spouse in a' he may require,
The breyde said mantan n-yea,
We'el see some day.

Clwose buckled now, the parson paid,
Furth frae the kurk they waddle,
An' thick an' three faul', han' owr head,
Each lowps out owr his saddle;
The lasses lap up hint their lads,
Some stridlin' an' some seydeways,
An' some there war that wish'd their lot
Hed been what Ann's the breyde was,
Ay oft that day.

A' hors'd agean, streeght up th' town geate,
Leyke weyld fire off they flee,
An' nowther puol nor peet-stack flinch,
They're off wi' seck a bree;
'Twas a fair start, its a preyme reace,
Winge you! how fast they gang,
But yonder's Jerry Skelton lad,
He's fawn off wid a whang,
For seer this day.

Brown o'th' Moss seyde how he does reyde,
Wi' lang neck'd spurs he's rivan;
An' yonder's Glaister o'th' Black Deyke,
Leyke that o' donnet drivan;
As for yon Peape, if he escape
A neck-breck, its uncommon,
But Weyse grey meare, had she been here,
She wad been bang'd by nea man
'At's here to day.

But now they're fairly out o' seeght,
An' wheyte doun Coava lonnin.
Come we mun fettle up oursells,
Its teyme we sud be donnin:
I waddent leyke to be owr lang,
Come Jwosep, Izbel, hie ye,
You'll suin be buss'd, an' nin behin,
I faickins sal gang bye ye,
O'th' rwoad this day.

Now th' weddiners are at th' far end,
An' a' thro' ither cruonin',
Wheyle th' fiddlers they're at wark i'th' leathe,
An' thrang they're fiddles tuneing;
Tom Trimmel, Tommy Baxter, Stagg,
Nay, hauf a scowre they've led in,
An' they're a' rozzlin' up their bows,
To streyke up Cuddy's Weddin',
Wi' glee this day.

The breyde now on a coppy stuol,
Sits down i'th' fauld a' whithrin',
With pewter dibler on her lap,
On which her towgher's gethrin';
The fwoak leyke pez in a keale-pot,
Are yen thro' tother minglin',
An' crowns an' hauf crowns thick as hail,
Are i' the dibler jinglin',
Reeght fast that day.

Nit yen that's owther mence or sheame
Wad be that snaflin ninny
As to haud back their gift, nay some
Wad whuther in a guinea.
I'th' meanteyme th' fiddlers changg'd and play'd,
As hard as shey cou'd peg,
Till th' offering it was feckly duon,
When back to th' barn to sweg
They bows'd that day.

Now loundrin' shives o' cheese an' breed,
Are down their gizzrin's whang'd,
An' some there war cud scarcely speak,
Their thropples were sea pang'd;
Bit twea or three let down's o' yell,
Soon set their hawses free,
When thus with pith restword, yence mair
They took anudder spree,
Till cramm'd that day.

Indeed there was some feckless fwoak,
At luikt to be owr neyce,
'At nobbit nibblen peyk't and eat,
Just like as monny meyce;
Bit then there was some yetherin' dogs,
At owr the leave laid th' capsteane,
For some they said eat lumps as big
As Sammy Liank's lapsteane,
I'th' barn that day.

They're keyte's weel trigg'd wi' solid geer,
They now began to guzzle,
Wheyle yell in jugs an' canns was brought,
An' held to evry muzzle;
They drank in piggins, peynts or quarts,
Or ought 'at com to han',
An' some they helt it down sea fast,
They suin cud hardly stan
Thar sells that day.

At last some lish young souple lads
Their naigs frae th' buoses brought,
An' off they set to try a reace,
The prize was neist to nought;
A rig-reape, braugham, pair o' heams,
Or something o' that swort,
Nea matter, tryfle as it was,
It made them famish spwort,
O'th' sands that day.

Some for a pair of mittans loup;
Some wurstled for a belt;
Some play'd at pennice steans for brass;
An' some amaist gat fel't;
Hitch step an' loup some try'd for spwort,
Wi' monny a sair exertion;
Ithers for bits o' bacco gurn'd,
An' sec leyke daft devarshon
Put owr that day.

Now some o'th' menceful mak o' fwoak,
As suon as things w'ar settled,
When they'd yence hed a decent snack,
To set off heamewards fettled;
Bit mony a yen there was that staid,
Auld sly buits that war deeper,
An' Philip Mesher cried hout, stop!
Guid drink was never cheaper,
Than't's here to-day.

Full mony a reeght good teyper com,
As th' country seyde cud brag on!
Nay, there was some that at a win
Cud tuom down a yeal flaggon.
Wi' casks weel season'd frae a' nuiks
Thur bachanalions gether'd,
An' some there war 'at clash't their keytes
Till they war fairly yether'd
Wi' drink that day.

Some crack o' brandy, some o' rum,
An' some o' weyne far sought;
That drink o' my opinion's best,
'At we can get for nought;
That day i' this seame thought wi' me,
I witnessed monny a seyper,
For bleth'rin' Lanty Rutson gat
As full as onny peyper,
Suon on that day.

Wi' fiddlin, dancin, cracks an' yell,
The day slipt swuftly owr,
An' monnie a scwore or darknin' gat,
As drunk as they cud glowr.
When great Tom Carr, that man o' war,
Com stackrin' on to th' fleer,
He slapt his ham', an' cried, od dam,
I'll box wi' onny here,
'At dare this day.

Then Watty Farguson, provwok'd
To hear this haufthick rattle,
Fetch'd him a fluet under th' lug,
An' sea began their battle;
Clash tuot they fell, wi' thumps pell-mell,
Wheyle a' was hurdum durdum;
An' some amang the skemmels fell,
An' ithers nearly smuir'd them,
I'th' fray that neeght.

Then up lap Lowrie o' the Lees,
An' leyke a madman ranted,
A lang flail souple full'd his neif,
That owr fwoaks heads he flaunted;
He yoller'd out for Cursty Bell,
Whea last Yule eve had vex'd him,
But was sea daft he could not see
Puor Kit tho' he sat next him
I'th' leathe that neeght.

Kit gat a braugham in his han',
Wi' veng'ance whurl'd it at him,
The collar leeghted roun' his neck,
An' to the fluir it pat him,
Loud sweels o' laughter dirl'd their lugs,
The fwoak war a' sea fain,
An' wheyle he sprawl'd wi' reage an' sheame,
Some cried out he was slain
Cauld deed that neeght.

Twea gurnin' gibbies in a nuik,
Sat fratchin' yen anudder,
An' nought wad sarra them but they
Wad hev a match together.
A single roun' for hauf a crown,
The question was to pruive,
But t'yen objected to the bet,
An' said he box'd for luive,
Or nought that neeght.

Then off their duds thar duosters doft,
An' tirl'd to their bare buffs,
Beath teyke leyke tuolian roun' the barn,
An' dealen clumsy cluffs;
But sir John Barleycorn sea sway'd,
Their slaps they a' flew slant,
Till a—e owr head they cowp'd at last,
Lang stretch'd i'th' midden pant,
Weel sows'd that neeght.

Just leyke as when some druove o' kye,
Brek back and a—ewards hurry;
Sea here thar govisons leyke font,
Wad yen anudder lurry;
Stark mother neak'd they skelp'd about,
An' some gat deevlish knockan;
But th' silly Blackburd o' Well Rash,
Puor man his leg gat broken
Some way that neeght.

The fiddlers bang'd up on their legs,
Some fought, some swear, some holloed;
The lasses skurlin clamb up th' mews,
An' some slee hanniels follow'd;
Bit suon as a' this stoore was laid,
An' a' was whisht an' whiat;
Bounce down they lap, the spwort renew,
Anudder spell to try at
Their reels that neeght.

Lang sair they kevvel'd, danc'd, and sang,
An' parlish dusts they hed;
Till it began to grow nar th' teyme
'At fwoak sud gang to bed;
The breydemaids a' wi' fuslin care,
The breyde hauf yieldin' doft,
An' the blythe pair in a han' clap,
War guessend up i'th' loft,
Reeght snug that neeght.

The couple now i'th' blankets stow'd,
A swort o'th' revellan bruocies
Unsatisfied, wi' a' consent,
Went lethran down to Lucy's:
Just leyke louse nowt, they bang'd up stairs,
Th' lang room it bum'd an' thunner'd,
An' some yen'd thought t're brought down't house,
About them waddent skunner'd
Wi' noise that neeght.

Here th' better mak o' them that com,
Wi' country dances vapour'd;
But them that dought not try sec sprees,
Wi' jigs an' three reels oapor'd;
Mull'd yell an' punch flew roun' leyke steyfe,
The fiddler's a' gat fuddled;
An' monny a lad their sweethearts hed
I' nuiks an' corners huddled
Unseen that neeght.

Auld Deacon wi' his puffs an' speyce,
Was there, wi' him Dog Mary,
Wi' snaps an' gingerbread galwore,
Tho' neyce fwoak ca'd them slairy;
Bit plenty nought o'th' secret knew,
An' fast their brass was wairin';
An' th' lads reeght keyn'd the lasses treat,
Wi' monny a teasty fairin',
I' dauds that day.

At last 'twas gitten wheyte fuor days,
The lavrocks shrill war whuslin',
Wheyle yen by yen wheyte daiz'd an' deylt,
O'th rwoard t'wards heame are wrustlin';
Bit some wad yet hev tother quart,
Befwore o'th' geate they'd venture,
Sea ramm'd away to Richard Rigg's,
An' leyke mad owsen enter,
Owr drunk that day.

Here a' was yae confusion thro',
Loud crackin', fratchin', swearin',
An' some o'th' hallan or th' mell deers,
Their geylefat guts war clearin.
Wheyle bacco reek beath but an' ben,
Had full'd leyke a kiln logie,
An' some that scarce could haud their legs,
War dancin'th' reels o' bogie
Stark mad that neeght.

Some heads an' thraws war stretch'd i'th' nuik,
An' loud as brawns war snowran,
Others wi' bluid an' glore a' clamm'd,
War leyke stick'd rattens glowran.
The fiddlers they i'th' parlour fought,
An' yen anudder pelted,
Tom Trimmel leyke Mendoza fierce,
Poor Tommy Baxter welted,
Reeght sair that neeght.

Wheyte tir'd at last wi' drink an' noise,
Hauf wauken an' hauf sleepin',
I heamwards fettled off mysell,
Just as the sun was peepin';
Full monny a teyme I've thought sen syne,
On that seame bidden weddin';
An' Heaven in prayer to bless that pair
Have begg'd in bwoard an' bed in,
Ever sen that day.

THE RETURN.

FAST the patt'ring hail was fa'ing,
And the sowping rain as thick,
Loud and snell the whurlwind blowing,
Wheyle the neeght was dark as pick.

When upon her strea couch liggan,
Susan steep'd her waukreyfe een,
And about her crazy biggin,
Rwoard the hollow whurlblast keen.

In each arm a bairn lay sleepin',
I' their luiks lank famine sat,
And their een seem'd blear'd wi' weepin',
For the things they seldom gat.

On her lwonly bed she toss'd her,
Darkin till the tempest ceast;
But puor lass nea change of posture,
Calm'd the conflict of her breast.

In her feace a heart sair anguish'd,
Meight a stranger's eye survey;
Six dree years had Susan languish'd,
Sen her Walter went away.

He far owr the stormy ocean,
Wan on India's distant shore,
Courtin' Fortune and promotion,
E'en amid the battle's rwoar.

Sair agean his inclination,
Watty left his heame and ease,
Weyfe, bairns, and ilk keyn'd relation,
To traverse the dangerous seas.

Widow leyke, his absence mournin',
Monny a sleepless night she past,
Prayin' ay his seafe returnin',
As she lythe'd the lengthnin' blast.

Blwoated grew her een and squallid,
That befwore wi' lustre fill'd,
Wan her lip, her cheek how pallid,
That Vermillion once excell'd.

Yence the rwose and lilly blended,
In fair Susan's breydal feace;
But fwoak said, whea erst had ken'd it,
Sadly alter'd was the cease,

She whea leate sea douse and jolly,
Need hae turn'd her feace frae nean,
Suon thro' grief and melancholy,
Turns to parfect skin and beane.

Cruel fate thy mandate alter,
Oft she murmur'd in despair ;
Give me, give me, back my Walter,
Give me him, I ask nea mair.

Here disconsolate and weary,
Are my days of sorrow past,
An' my neeghts forlorn and eerie,
That ilk yen I wish my last.

But a spring of whope yet cheers me,
And our wee yen's yammerin' noise,
Mair than ought to leyfe endears me,
Bwodin still some future joys.

Yes, my luive, tho' sair I mourn him,
Fate shall shield frae circling harms,
And keyn'd providence return him,
To these lang expecting arms.

Hark, the whullblast loudly blusters,
Dreary howling owr my head,
A' with rage the tempest musters,
On my crazy clay-built shed.

Wintry blasts that bluster owr me,
Waft my sighs to Walter's ears;
Gales auspicious quick restwore me,
Him whea's smeyles can dry my tears.

Fancy whether wad'st thou lead me,
Say what phantom's to impart,
Visionary shades owrspread me,
To amuse my love-lorn heart.

There my Walter's feace I view now,
'Mid the leeghtnen's transcient glare,
Pleasing form, I'll thee pursue now,
But 'tis geane, and I despair.

Hark! what shriek was that 'at mingl'd
Wi' the liftan tempest howl?
On my ears leyke fate it jingl'd,
Peircing to my varra soul.

Was it not my true love ca'ing?
Was't not leyke his weel-kend tone?
Say puor heart, where art thou fa'ing?
Fancy say where art thou gone?

Heavier now the tempest musters,
Down in plennets teems the rain,
Louder ay the whurlblast blusters,
Sweepin' owr the spacious plain.

Susan fill'd wi' apprehension,
At the dismal dang'rous rwoar,
Suon is fix'd in mute attention,
Wi' loud knockin's at her door.

Susan, rise, a voice loud bawling
Said, unbar the envious door;
Whea commands, she scream'd, then falling
Senseless, streek'd her on the fluor.

Wi' a rounge, the yieldin' hinges
Frae the partin' stoothens flee,
In the storm-struck stranger swinges,
Walter enters, yes, 'twas he.

Swift to Susan's aid he hies him,
Greapin roun' the weel-kenn'd bower,
Leeght the leeghtnin's flash supplies him,
Her he spies upon the fluor.

In his arms he gently rears her,
Softly lifts her droopin' head,
Anxious owr the room he bears her,
And recleyn'd her on her bed.

But his tongue was pinch'd to falter,
Wake, my fair one, wake, and see,
Wake, and cheer thy long lost Walter,
Seafe return'd to luive and thee.

Lang she sleeps not, strugglin' nature,
Suon suspended leyfe restwores,
On his habit, form, and stature,
Wi' impatient weyldness pores.

Frae his arms in deep confusion,
Till her ingle swift she flies,
Thoughtful this was a' illusion,
That bewitch'd her ears and eyes.

Prodlin' up the smotherin' embers,
Swift the sweelin hether flies,
She nea treace of him remembers,
Alter'd sair by his disguise.

Sowp'd wi' rain, wi' glore bespatter'd,
Frowzy beard and visage wan,
Teated locks and garments tatter'd,
Mair he seem'd of ghaist than man.

Ah, cried he, can time sea alter,
Fwoaks as thus to be forgot;
Fair yen, I'm thy faithful Walter,
Canst thou, Susan, know me not?

When his weel-kenn'd voice she listens,
A' her doubts are soon suppress,
In her een keen transpwort glistens,
And she sunk upon his breast.

Here awheyle with ardour glowing,
Stuode the lover and his weyfe,
Beath their hearts wi' joy owrflowing,
Suon he kiss'd her into leyfe.

Yes, she said, thou lang-lost stranger,
Thou art still my husband dear,
Seafe I whope return'd frae danger,
And nea mair to leave me here.

What tho' thou'rt wi' mud bespater'd,
What tho' thou'rt in weafu' pleyght,
Matted locks and vestments tatter'd,
Still thou art my sauls deleyte.

Here my luive, let us together,
Thro' leyfe's mazy windin's weade,
Each assisting yen anither,
Oft may leeght our common leade.

When thus Walter, lowly bendin',
On his knees, wi' hands uprais'd.
Heav'n the virtuous still defendin',
Ever be thy guidness prais'd.

Here fulfil'd is a' I need for,
Here are a' my sorrows lost,
And the gear I sair have tried for,
Sweetens frae the pains it cost.

Know, my luive, tho' foul and tatter'd,
In my present garb and graith,
Tho' with mud and mire bespatter'd,
I've enough to bless us baith.

Fortune to my plans propitious,
Has bestow'd me rowth o' wealth,
Heaven to virtue still auspicious,
Thro' a' has ay preserv'd my health.

Tweyce ten thousand pounds await me,
We sall yet see happier days,
Yet nea rank sal e'er elate me,
Providence commands my praise.

'Midst the battle's devastation,
Fell my Captain stunn'd with blows,
I succeeded to his station,
By this chance my fortune rose.

Wealth in heaps now seem'd to press me,
Honours wait me day and night,
Fortune seem'd resolv'd to bless me,
In amends for former spite.

Thus with riches in abundance,
Suon I quitted India's shore,
And securin' that redundance,
Sought agean my native shore.

But of a' the joys I've teasted,
Or mun e'er expect to teaste,
In teyme to come, or teyme far weasted,
This, this moment joys me meast.

Suon as London pwort we enter'd,
Off I se t without delay,
Thro' the storms and tempests ventur'd,
Luive nea patience had for stay.

Cheer thee, then my Susan cheer thee,
Pleasure yet thy cheek shall cheer,
Think thy Wat will ay be near thee,
Think thy Luive will ay be near.

EPITAPH,

On the late ROBERT BURNS.

It is a melancholy fact, that this much and justly boasted Poet of Scotland, lies buried in the Church-yard of Dumfries without so much as a Hic Jacet, to speak his whereabouts.

STOP, nor incurious pass this hallowed shrine,
Where Scotia's genius o'er her favourite mourns,
But if thy heart to sympathy incline,
That tribute offer at the tomb of BURNS.
What tho' no gorgeous sepulchre emblaz'd,
Or proud mausoleum rise to speak his fame;
He to himself a monument has rais'd,
That shall alone immortalize his name.

THE UNFORTUNATE LOVERS.

A BALLAD.

ON Eden's banks, whose limpid stream
In smooth meanders glides along:
In grief and wretchedness extreme,
Fair Ella tun'd her love-lorn song;
To each successive passing wave
A tear responsive left her eye;
To every shower, a shower she gave,
To ev'ry breeze an answ'ring sigh.
Ah me, she cried, my Edwin's gone,
Ill-fated youth! ne'er to return;
Whilst I in grief am left alone,
His loss in solitude to mourn;
Torn by the ruthless hand of war,
From these soft mansions of repose,
Helpless in hostile climes afar,
To combat with a thousand woes.
Ye tyrants that usurp mankind,
By foul ambition onward led,
In slavish bonds the world to bind,
And strike the universe with dread;
Why could your arm despotic seize
My Edwin kind, my Edwin true?

To drag him from the shades of peace,
In hostile fields to bleed for you.
Was his the quarrel, his the crime
That first excited these alarms,
To drag from each remotest clime
Whole millions to expire in arms?
Tho' mad ambition fir'd your breast,
And hope of conquest urg'd the strife,
What right could sanction your behests;
What cause demand my Edwin's life.
Tho' Gallia's conquest and renown,
Spread terror thro' each neighbouring state;
Each despot fearful for his crown,
And trembling, conscious for his fate.
When hostile armaments combin'd,
Shook Albion's confines with dismay;
Or when invasive fleets design'd
Your valour, Britons, to essay.
Had he, my Edwin, urgent need
To quit for discord Ella's arms?
Was it essential he should bleed,
To terminate those dire alarms?
If he the sacrifice alone,
Could these calamities compose;
Could for his country's crimes atone,
And put a period to her woes.
Then would I think that order just,
Which call'd my Edwin to the field

In silence smother my disgust,
And to the fates resentment yield :
But when with him the thousands fall,
With him whole hosts resign their breath,
Devoid of reason seems the call
Of his unnecessary death.
On yon far distant burning sands,
On sultry Egypt's arid coast;
Where far and wide barbaric bands
The farce of Gallic freedom boast;
Or on the bold impelling wave,
Where Nelson's ensign glorious flies,
My lover meets a timeless grave;
Unnotic'd and unpity'd dies !
Amidst the sad conflicting fight,
With direst dangers compass'd round,
He sinks beneath superior might,
And stung with anguish, bites the ground;
Even now methinks I see him fall,
With wounds and carnage cover'd o'er;
Reach'd by the sadly destin'd balls
He dies on Delta's hostile shore !
No more she sa d, distracting grief
Suppress'd the me ancholy theme;
Here, here, she said, I'll seek relief,
And plung'd into the surging stream;
Borne by the current of the flood,
Awhile she shriek'd with fa'ltring breath,
But life not long the strife withstood,
Down, down she sinks in silent death !

Now through the solitary shade,
With aweful howl the whirlwind roars,
Whilst down the steep the loud cascade,
Impetuous laves its bounding shores,
Pale gleams the moon with feeblest light,
Still silence reigns a dead profound,
Save where the pensive bird of night,
Screams forth with fear-inspiring sound!
Just at the sad eventful hour,
From war and danger safe return'd,
Young Edwin knock'd at Ella's door,
Whose bosom with impatience burn'd;
Awake, my love, why thus delay,
My Ella fair, awake! arise!
Thy Edwin calls, O come away,
And cheer once more my anxious eyes;
Safe from the horrors of the war,
With joy I come, with joy to thee;
Then haste and turn the envious bar,
And happiness restore to me:
Keen blows the wind, dark is the night,
In thickning torrents pours the rain,
I faint, fatigue o'ercomes me quite,
I die in a suspence of pain!
In vain he knocks, in vain he calls,
His voice no more his Ella hears;
In heavier gusts the tempest falls,
And night more horrible appears;
With rage inspir'd and mix'd despair
He spurns the door, which yielding flies,

Then seeks the object of his care,
  But soon each expectation dies.
In vain he speaks, in vain he calls,
  Swift o'er his heart despondence spread.
Supine on Ella's couch he falls,
  To ease his sad disorder'd head;
There thro' the long lorn night he mourns,
  Unconscious of his lover's fate;
Each passion rends his heart by turns,
  All fearful for his beauteous mate.
Soon as Aurora's fingers spread,
  With dawning light, yon orient skies,
He quits the solitary shed,
  And thro' the valley frantic flies
To find his love, his only care;
  Each stranger asks, of all inquires,
But ah! no stranger can declare
  Where, when, and why his love retires;
Till chance directed near the brook,
  Her floating corpse he lifeless view'd,
He gaz'd but with a partial look,
  Then like a statue senseless stood;
Her well known face too well he knew,
  He had no cause to doubt 'twas she,
He saw too well at single view,
  To doubt his certain misery!
Ah, me! he cried, with bursting heart,
  Is this the end of all my pain,
To 'scape death's ordinary dart
  With one severer to be slain?

Curse on your heads, ye tyrants curst!
Prime engines of all human strife,
You made me miserable first
And doubly now destroy my life:
By your despotic mandates led,
I left this once lov'd peaceful plain,
To join where crimeless millions bled,
Your wrongful quarrels to maintain:
Then say, for all my various woes,
For each fatigue and danger past,
When joys my labours shall compose,
This is my sad reward at last;
Here on this fatal shore she lies,
In form most fair, in heart most true;
On me her shade for vengeance cries,
She, tyrants! fell appress'd by you.
Ah, little think, ye sons of pride!
Whilst thus you wanton life away,
What scenes of wretchedness betide
The victims of your lawless sway;
With but this poor pretence to raise
Your honours on the page of fame,
With useless trophies to emblaze
The annals of a villian's name;
But cease, invective, since in vain
My poor resentment here would prove:
Some nobler part let me sustain,
That more shall vindicate my love.
Yes, beauteous constancy! he cried,
Thy sad example calls on me;

It was for me that Ella died,
I am a life in debt to thee!
He ceas'd, for grief his words suppress'd,
Cold horror shook him as he stood;
I come, he cried, to thee and rest,
Then plung'd into the fatal flood.

CONTENT,

A SONNET.

SAY, you that have studied mankind,
Or life-seeking science, have spent,
In wandering e'er chanc'd you to find
The goddess ycleped Content.
For oft have I anxiously rov'd
Thro' the city, the plain, and the shade,
But all unsuccessful have prov'd,
My every research for the maid.
Some tell me in courts she presides,
Others say to the hermit she's given;
A third with the swain she resides,
Whilst some say she an exile was driven;
But reason these notions derides,
And says she exists but in Heaven.

THE PANIC.

GOD prosper long auld TALLENTIRE,
His wife an' bairns an' a',
An' uncot feary fray there did,
At *Renwick* yence befa'.

The guod fwoak of the parish erst,
A vow to god did make,
That as the Kurk was like to fa',
They down the pile wad take.

And on that spot and self-same room,
Their former Church had fill'd,
They wad, as soon as possible,
A better new yen build.

For in their Tabernacle frail,
The people dought not bide,
And yet t'were mete on the Lword's day,
The Lord war glorify'd.

To raise this fane wi' leyme an' stane,
A' Renwick tuok their way;
The bairn sal laugh that's yet unbworn,
At that eventful day.

But ere a temple could be rais'd,
  Wherein to preach and pray,
'Twas needful furst the auld yen sud
  Be tirl'd and clear'd away.

Wi' meeght and main the parish rwose,
  (God fearing), pious people;
Wi' easy fa's furst fell the wa's,
  Then bang came down the steeple.

For as king Solomon hath said,
  The place I'll not turn tilt,
There is a teyme to big and eke,
  To pull down that that's built.

Sea here wi' gavelicks, hacks, and shouls,
  The fwoak leyke furies work,
And lang or hauf the day was duone,
  They'd feckly down'd the kurk.

When as with lev'ling bats they bang'd,
  About the steeple's base,
To down an nndemolish'd nuok,
  An' fairly clear the place.

Wi' dreadful noise on sounding wings,
  A hideous monster rose,
And round their faces, eyes, and ears,
  Its dingy pinnions throws.

In corriscations here and there,
Now high, now low it flew.
The people glop'd wi' deep surprise,
Away their wark-gear threw.

And to their heels they tuok wi' speed,
Seyne he that fastest ran,
Esteem'd himsel as fair he meeght,
Wate weel the luckiest man.

For whea wad be sea daftly baul,
Expos'd in sec a cease,
As madly stop and turn to meet
The deevil in the feace.

Nae, for a meyle they ran at least,
Till a' war felly spent,
Then down they sat in council grave,
To muse on this event.

There monny a curious judgment past,
And queerfar'd exposition,
What this infernal spright might be,
This flaysome apparition.

Some said it was the de'il himsel,
Whae aye in secret lurks,
To counteract the works of grace,
In corner of auld kurks.

D.

But others of opinion war,
Some wand'ring ghaist 't meeght be,
That had been conjur'd here of yore,
And thus by chance set free.

Tho' the majority agreed,
Which nwotion took the sway,
That 'twas a Cockatrice* an' weel,
War they that ran away.

For had the monster fix'd his een,
On them befwore they fled,
They had as seer as eggs are eggs,
Been every soul struck dead.

---

* AN opinion has prevailed, founded on Legendry Tradition, that this Monster has been produced from an Egg layed by a Cock, and hatched by a Toad; it is supposed to be of the Serpent kind, but of a Form the most horrible that Immagination can fancy, in fact, it hath been esteemed so monstrous, that it hath hitherto remained a non descript. Its properties were said to be those of striking people dead with the baleful influence of its eyes alone, and numbers are related to have fallen the unhappy Victims of its poisonous eyes, but if any person chanced to be so lucky as to discover the Cockatrice, before he was discovered by it, it was sure to prove fatal to the Monster, and he lost at once his influence and his life. How far the possibility of such a generation may be reconciled to the common course of Oviparous productions, I leave to naturalists and the curious enquirers after Nature to determine.

But seyne 't'ad pleas'd the powers abuin,
To shield them frae annoy,
'Twas mete that methods they devis'd,
This pestment to destroy.

Yet where a champion might be fund,
With heart and valour stout,
Sea terrible a foe to feace,
Was matter of dispute.

Then up ruose doughty TALLENTIRE*,
At that teyme parish clerk,
And said guod neebor's ne'er be baz'd,
I'll undertake the wark.

Wi' Rowan Tree weel fenc'd about,
We're seafe frae every evil,
For weel I ken that wood has power,
To scar away the deevil.

---

* TALLENTIRE. The above relation though it may appear absurd and incredible, is nevertheless a fact, which really happened not much above a Century ago, at a small parish called *Renwick*, in the eastern part of the County of *Cumberland*, where in consequence of the extraordinary Magnanimity displayed on that occasion by TALLENTIRE, the parish Clerk, the Lord of the Manor did then and there enfranchise his Estate to him and his heirs for ever, and by which Tenure it is held by his posterity even unto this day.

Sea said frae the furst buss they met,
Each man ruove down a beugh,
But Tallentire cut for his sel,
A stow'r beath lang and teugh.

Then back to Renwick Kurk they march,
Tho' not at sec a peace
As when they left it, but as if
They had the De'il to feace.

Bauld Tallentire wi' spelfu' spear,
Unrival'd takes the lead,
The lave tho' hang'dly follow him,
Wi' nea uncommon speed.

And monny a panting heart was there,
That buode full bitter picks,
For tho' wi' witch wood weard, yet weel,
They kend auld Hornie's tricks.

And should miscarriage in the end,
Their tryste thus bauld befa',
Auld Nick wi' cowper han' wad tek
Full vengeance on them a'.

At length they reach'd the fated spot,
And circling round the peyle;
Halt, ere the bruoly they begin,
To breathe and think awheyle.

For whea wi' rashness wad proceed,
The de'il sea clwose at han',
Nay een the bauldest of the bauld,
Wad here have meade a stan.

But suon tbe steans they gin to rowk,
An' bicker but an' ben',
Wi' picks an' poles agean to raise,
The deevil frae his den.

Forth frae the bit they scry'd it furst,
Agean the demon springs,
An' roun' their lugs an' haffits flaps,
His diabolic wings.

Struck wi' surprise, these sons of fear,
Set up a piteous rwoar,
Tuok to their heels an' run as fast
As they had done befwore.

Save Tallentire, the dauntless clerk,
Of heart and mettle sound,
He scworn'd an Ignominious fleeght,
And bravely stuode his ground.

And as the foe his circles wheel'd,
Now darting high, now low,
The Champion at the fluttering fiend,
Aim'd many a harmless blow.

Still by agility or chance,
It shuns his fiercest strokes,
Tho' baith wi' pith and skill bestow'd,
Which sair the Clerk provokes.

For tweyce or threyce between his een,
It peck'd some sharpish blows,
At last as if from mere contempt,
It s—t upon his nose.

An' lang the goblin vex'd him sare,
Till by yae lucky drub,
His adversary sunk beneath
His massy magic club.

Drawn by his shouts triumphant, back
His friends far scatter'd round
Returns to see the foe whea lies
Expiring on the ground.

But what was their surprise to see
This demon dire, why what?
In sooth 'twas nowther mair nor less,
Than a puor owrgrown bat.

Thus hath the world been oft alarm'd,
By bugbear panic fears;
The mountain labours, and behold
A feckless mouse appears.

THE

Pleasures of Contemplation.

QUEEN of the halcyon breast, and heav'n-ward eye,
Sweet Contemplation, with thy ray benign,
Light my lone passage thro' the vale of life,
And raise this seige of care; this silent hour
To thee is sacred, when the star of eve,
(Like Dian's virgins trembling near the bath),
Shoots o'er the Hesperian wave its quiv'ring ray;
All nature joins to fill my lab'ring breast
With high sensations; awful silence reigns
Above, around; the sounding winds no more,
Wild thro' the fluctuating forest fly
With gust impetuous; zephyrs scarcely breathe
Upon the trembling foliage; flocks and herds
Retir'd beneath the friendly shade repose,
Fann'd by oblivion's wing. Ha! is not this,
This the dread hour, as ancient fables tell,
When flitting spirits, from their prisons broke,
By moonlight glide along the dusky vales,
The solemn church-yard, or the dreary groves,
Fond to revisit their once lov'd abodes,
And view each friendly scene of past delight.
Satyrs and Fawns, that in sequester'd woods,

And deep embow'ring shades delight to dwell,
Quitting their caves, (where in the reign of day
They slept in silence), o'er the daisy'd green
Pursue their gambols, and with printless feet,
Chase the fleet shadows o'er the waving plains.
Dryads and Naids, from each spring and grove
Trip blythesome o'er the lawns; or near the side
Of mossy fountains, sport in Cynthia's beams.
The fairy elves attendant on their queen,
With light steps, bound along the velvet mead,
And leave the green impression of their dance,
In rings mysterious to the passing swain,
While the pellucid glowworm kindly lends
Her silver lamp to light the festive scene.
From yon majestic piles, in ruin great,
Whose lofty tow'rs once, on approaching foes
Look'd stern defiance; the sad bird of night,
In mournful accent, to the moon complains,
Those tow'rs with ven'rable ivy crown'd,
And mould'ring into ruin, yield no more
A safe retirement to the hostile band;
But there, the lonely bat that shuns the day,
Dwells in dull solitude; and screaming thence,
Wheels the night raven shrill with hideous note,
Portending death to the dejected swain.
Each plant, and flow'ret, bath'd in ev'ning dews,
Exhal'd refreshing sweets; from the smooth lake,
On whose still bosom sleeps the tall trees shade,
The moon's soft rays reflected mildly shines.

Now tow'ring fancy takes her airy flight,
Without restraint, and leaves this earth behind;
From pole to pole, from world to world, she flies,
Rocks, seas, nor skies, can intercept her course.
Is this, what man, to thought estrang'd, miscalls
Despondence? this dull melancholy's scene;
To trace th' eternal cause thro' all his works
Minutely, and magnificently wise;
Mark the gradations which thro' nature's plan,
Join each to each, and form the vast design.
And tho' day's glorious guide withdraws his beams
Impartial, chearing other skies and shores,
Rich intellect, that scorns corporeal bands,
With more than mid-day radiance yields the scene.
The mind, now rescu'd from the cares of day,
Roves unrestrain'd thro' the wide realms of space,
Where thought stupendous! systems infinite!
In regular confusion, taught to move,
Like gems, bespangle yon etherial plains.
Ye sons of pleasure and ye foes to thought,
Who search for bliss in the capacious bowl,
And blindly woo intemperance for joy,—
Durst ye retire, hold converse with yourselves,
And in the silent hours of darkness, court
Kind Contemplation, with her peaceful train;
How would the minutes dance on downy feet,
And unperceiv'd the mid-night taper waste!
While intellectual pleasure reign'd supreme.
Ye muses, graces, virtues, heav'n born maids,

Who love in peaceful solitude to dwell
With meek ey'd innocence, and radiant truth,
And blushing modesty; that frighted fly
The dark intrigue, and mid-night masquerade;
What is this pleasure that enchants mankind?
'Tis noise, 'tis toil, 'tis frenzy, like the cup
Of Circe, fam'd of old, who tastes it finds
Th' etherial spark divine to brute transform'd.
And now methinks I hear the libertine
With supercilious leer, cry, preach no more
Your musty morals; hence to desarts fly,
And in the gloom of solitary caves
Austerely dwell. What's life, debar'd from joy?
Crown, then, the bowl, let music lend her aid,
And beauty her's, to soothe my wayward cares.
Ah! little does he know the nymph he stiles
A foe to pleasure! pleasure is not more
His aim than her's, with him she joins to blame
The hermit's gloom, and savage penances,
Each social joy approves. Oh! without thee,
The page of fancy would no longer charm,
And solitude disgust e'en pensive minds.
Nought I condemn, but that excess which clouds
The mental faculties, to soothe the sense;
Let reason, truth, and virtue, guide thy steps,
And every blessing heav'n bestows, be thine.

A New Year's Epistle.

JWOHN o' West-en', auld friend how fen' ye!
Wull this New Year for better ken ye?
Or leyke me rather marr than men' ye
By its addition;
In sec a case, we've nought depend ye,
But fworc'd submission.

But faith to glump ye I'd be sweer
I wish ye luck o' this new year;
May frien'ly cracks and cursn'mas cheer
Relax your care;
Wi' health, lang leyfe, an' rowth o' gear,
For ever mair.

Tho' guidness wi' this new year gift ye,
Another eken to your fifty,
As tho' by stap an' stap 'twad lift ye
Clean owr the deyke;
Yet let nea snafflin cares e'er drift ye,
To pleen an' peyke.

Shaeme fa' thur pingin' gowks that grummel
At weasten teyme, an' munge an' mummel
Cause they leyke millions mair mun crummel
In death's dark dungeon;
Its nonsense o' sec stuff to jummel,
An' guff-leyke mungan.

Hout man! what signifies repeynin?
Owr grankin, snifteran, twistin, tweynin,
If down leyfe's hill we be decleynin,
We cannot slack;
Than gang on decent without wheynin,
Or hingin back.

Leyfe, mak the best ont's nowght owr pleesin,
As every day some fash comes teasin,
An' oft eneugh the wheels want greesin,
To keep them ga'un.
Then brouce about nor tek sec preesin,
To nate your awn.

Their puor ill-natur'd snuols that cry
This warl's destitute of joy;
We ken they lee, an' if they try,
Sec thoughts are banisht:
Our lot of leyfe's not far a-jy
If reeghtly mannisht.

But if we wullent be content
Wi' th' blessings sec as Heav'n has sent,
But obstinately wad prevent
Wise fate's decree;
Sec fwoak mun just pursue the bent
I' their own bree.

As for me, neybor, as lang leevan,
I'll ay be wheyte reseygnt to Heaven,
An' thankfu' tak the guod things given,
For fear o' forfeit;
Lest for the swarth I past retrievan,
The substance torfeit.

What if the hand of fate unkeynde
Has us'd us fremtly, need we peyne,
Tho' you've lost your seeght an' me meyne,
We cannot mend it;
Let us be glad the powers deveyne,
Nea war extendit.

Let us, sen leyfe is but a span,
Still be as canty as we can;
Remembering Heaven has ordered man
To practice patience;
An' not to murmur 'neath his han',
Leyke feckless gations.

E.

Methinks I hear you cry, hout, stop,
An' let sec feckles preachments drop;
Thou meynds me weel o' some foul fop.
I'th' pulpit rantan.
Wey than we'el frae this subject pop,
An' cease this cantin.

Yet man its lang sen we togither,
Hev hed a crack wi' yen a nither;
An' now I'm nowther leath nor lither,
If ye've a meynde;
To reang first tea part an' than tother
Of auld lang seyne.

Ay speyte of wieen ill-natures says,
For seer we yence hed happy days,
An' plizzer smeyl'd on aw our ways,
Thro' house an' bow'r;
Tho' now the heart inspirin' blaze,
Is feckly owr.

Of a' the scenes in leyfes lang round,
Sweet youth, leyke thee rin can be found;
With plizzer thou dost meast abound,
Threyce happy teymes;
Wi' joys wheyte parfit, fair, an' sound,
Unclogg'd by creymes.

Or when of luive, the kittlin' dart
Furst whithers i'th unconscious heart,
Wi' a' the pleasin', painfu' smart,
Sec passions awn,
An' raptures dirl thro' every part,
Befwore unknown.

Than doubly sweet the lavrock sang,
Wi' smeylin sweets the cowslips sprang,
An' a' the grove, wi' gladsome chang
Their joy confest:
An' happiness the heale day lang,
Glow'd in each breast.

Oft on that season I reflect,
That when possess'd I did neglect,
For which mysell I now correct,
Tho' owr an' past;
But which I ever mun respect,
Aye to my last.

Oft teymes I think, by mem'ry led,
What curious arguments we've hed,
Or crack'd away, till gawn to bed
Was wheyte forgitten;
An' a' the lave by sleep owrsped,
War round us sitten.

Some teymes i'th winter neeghts, when dark
We'd into th' Ladies Di'rys yark,
There wi' charade or rebuss stark,
We'd hev a bout;
An' monny a teyme we'd puzzlin' wark
To find them out.

Someteymes we'd politics in han',
The king, the laws, the reeghts o' man,
The parish clash, the empires ban',
Just as it chanc'd;
Each art in science now an' than,
By turns advanc'd.

For subjects we but seldom sought,
They gaily oft war leile or nought,
Ne'er ak, they ay amusement brought,
An' that was plenty;
We freely spak whate'er we thought,
Without being stenty.

But shaugh! what if thar teymes be geane,
An' distance part us, need we greane?
We're nowther on us left owr leane,
What need o' grievin'?
We now an' then can meet agean,
Wheyle we're beath leevin'.

Ay lad, be seer whene'er I can,
I'll come an' see you now an' than,
To hear an' see how matters stan,
Mang th' Brough seyde fwoaks;
Or what new clish-ma-claver's gaun,
Or jeybes or jwoaks.

For still 'tmun rather ease my meynde,
'At is but owr dispos'd to tweyne,
To ruminate on auld lang seyne;
That happy season;
For which thro' th' leave o' leyfe we peyne,
An' guod's our reason.

Yes, man! there's plizzer in receytin',
Concerns at yence war sea inveytin',
An' even now I feel deleyght in,
[illegible]
The verra things which here I'm wreytin
Frae recollection.

Fell memory, leyke a mirror true,
Each youthful pasteyme hauds to view.
An' we wi' eagerness pursue
The font delusion;
Rangin' the pleasin' labrynth thro'
In weyld extrusion.

The weel kent haunts I visit keen,
Or sauntrin' pace the paddled green,
War monny a festive bout has been,
An' jocund turn;
Ah, man! the days that we hev seen,
Mun ne'er return.

Thro' th' lwonly kurk garth as I stray,
Surroundin' heaps o' kindred clay,
In dumb monition seem to say,
Wi' ghaist leyke ca'—
Stop neybor, an' a wheyle survey
The end of a'.

Here my yence gay companions sleep,
Or anters in yon mouldering heap,
Some luivelier female form I weep,
[illegible] mourn!
[illegible] wi' the breyny tribute steep.
[illegible] parent's urn.

[illegible] scene,
[illegible] objects nobbit beat in spleen,
An' nea occasion sud be gien
To melancholy.
Leyfes joys are far owr few I ween,
T' excuse this folly.

No, let's be happy wheyle we may,
As leyfe's bit leyke a winter day,
An' hour on hour flees fast away
To reel of t'rest on't.
Let us, sen we've nut lang to stay,
Be meakin't best on't.

If fortune keyndly sal supply
A' our desires, let us enjoy
Her welcome gifts, nor thurst a jy
The gracious deed;
Lest unassisted we apply
In pinchin' need.

But if beneath misfortune's han'
We plunge, an' feel her smartin' wan',
Let us wi' fortitude withstan'
The lash extended;
As a' things come by Heaven's comman',
An' whea can mend it.

Still be your lot that happy state,
Unkent by a' th' extremes of fate,
Bit peace an' plenty on you wait,
Clean thro' your leyfe.
An' may nea skeath at onnny rate
Mislear your weyfe.

Lang be your heart an' happins heale;
Ne'er may your constitution geale;
Bit swoaps o' drink an' guod lythe keale,
Cheer up each day;
As lang as th' beck down Seggin deale,
Sall wind its way.

Bit now, my friend guod evening te ye,
Its turning leate, sea peace be wi' ye;
I've nowght except my prayers to gie ye,
Ye ken me true;
I'll some day suon pauk owr an' see ye;
Till then adieu.

Wigton, January 1, 1805.

Habakkuk.---Chap. 3.

THE Lord tremenduous in the thunder call'd;
I heard thy mighty voice and stood appall'd;
Thro' the successive season's of the year,
Let thy indulgent mercy still appear;
And when vindictive wrath thou shalt extend
Thy clemency, thy power shall far transcend.
From Teman's heights the Lord triumphant came,
From Paran's mount resound's his holy name;
O'er Heaven's high concave, wide his banners blaze,
And utmost earth reiterates his praise;
Upon his awful front effulgence shone,
Bright as the light round his eternal throne;
His opening hands mysterious horns reveal'd,
Where he his power omnipotent conceal'd;
Before his face wide desolation spread,
And conflagrations issu'd from his tread.
He stood upon the earth with hand divine,
Measuring the circling sphere as with a line;
He view'd the num'rous nations of the world;
The nations round were to confusion hurl'd;

The tow'ring hills were in disorder thrown;
And the perpetual mountains tumbl'd down.
O how terrific is thy mighty name;
Thy ways are everlastingly the same.
I saw the tents of Cushan shake with fear,
And Median's curtains tremble in despair;
Was all thy vengeance for the river stor'd,
Or had their tossing waves displeas'd the Lord?
Or was thy anger on the foaming flood,
When thou triumphant in thy chariot stood?
Riding thy horses thro' the foaming sea,
Thy chariots of salvation to display;
Thy bow shone naked in the front of Heaven,
Like the appeals which by the tribes are given;
With rivers thou didst subdivide the land,
And the high mountains shook beneath thy hand;
Vast inundations drench'd the fertile plain,
And from its bottom toss'd the surging main,
Beating its billows o'er the yellow sands,
And tortur'd, seems on high to hold his hands.
The glorious luminars of night and day,
In Heaven transfix'd, forgot their wonted way;
But as thy arrows cleave the yielding air,
To their accustom'd circles they repair,
Mov'd by the influence of thy glittering spear.
In fury thou didst march athwart the land,
Threshing the heathen with vindictive hand:
Forth march'd the Lord salvation to obtain,
Salvation for his saints elect to gain:

The blood of the chief wicked thou hast spilt,
By striking the foundation of their guilt;
The chief in vain sought succour in his slaves,
Thou smote the servants with the master's staves.
Forth like a storm th' unrighteous rabble pour,
The indigent and feeble to devour;
Triumphantly thy horses thou bestrode,
And thro' the congregated waters rode.
I heard thy voice, courage my soul forsook,
My bowels trembled, my whole system shook;
A sudden cloud of doubts my mind o'ercast,
Fearful to find salvation at the last.
When forth he marches in sublime parade,
He with his hosts the people shall invade.
What tho' no fruit the luscious fig-tree bear,
What tho' no blossoms on the vine appear;
Tho' the fat olive shall her fruit deny,
And autumn her kind stores no more supply;
By fell distempers tho' the cattle fall,
And flocks and herds shall perish in the stall;
Yet arm'd by hope, in Heaven I will rejoice,
And to my Saviour tune my cheerful voice;
'Tis he, the Lord, on whom I have reclin'd,
Shall make me nimble, as the wanton hind;
With vaulting feet, elate to dance on high,
To the soft sounds of melting melody.

Auld Lang Seyne.

WHEILST some the soldier's deeds emblaze,
An' taulk of seiges and compaigns;
Or some the weily statesman praise,
Whea hauds of government the reins;
Or others reang the rheymer's verse,
An ca' the jinglin' sentence feyne;
Be meyne the busness to rehearse
The parlish turns of auld lang seyne.

Threyce happy days of past deleight,
'At sliving teyme whurls fast away,
When plizzer smeyl'd on every neight,
An' spworts beguil'd the leeve lang day.
'Twas than or wardly fash I knew,
Or luive or loss had gar'd me peyne,
That oft, weel pleas'd, I wad review
The gladsome page of auld lang seyne.

Yence on a clashy winter neight,
Wheyte maiz'd wi' loungin' on ith' nuok,
A palmer'd out as chance wad heft,
An' till a neybors house a tuok,
The man was gaily up i' years,
An' wearin' fast to leyfes decleyne,

An' monny a faimish teale cud tell,
O' upturns duin i' auld lang seyne.

When veyle moss troopers, bworder bred,
To reeve and pillage flock to arms,
By war than that-a-donnet led,
Bouz'd into Cumberland i' swarms:
Our kye, our owsen, off they druive,
Our gear, our graith, our naigs, our sweyne,
An' monny a lass, her luckless luivé,
Was left to wail for auld lang seyne.

Yence on a teyme a hangrell gang
Com with a bensil owr the sea,
Wheyle flocks an' herds they gar'd them spang,
An' pot a' th' country in a bree;
Up a dark lonnin fast they rouode,
Thinking to shelter their deseyne,
Whoaping their fit hauld to meak guid,
As monny a teymé they'd duone lang seyné.

Kemp Dobbie, as they canteran com,
Furst spyt them, but quo' he, ne'er ak,
Divent be flait o' them lad Tom,
But let's cour down i' this deyke back;
Sea said, an' humly cowrs they sat,
Up bruoc'd the taistrels in a leyne,
Till reeght for nenst them up they gat,
An' rwor'd, now lads for auld lang seyne.

F.

Back helter-skelter, panic struck,
T'wards heame they kevvel'd, yen and a',
Nor ventur'd yen an a—ewards luik,
For fear he'd in the gilders fa'.
Thus single twa, abuon a scwore,
Druive sleeely frae their cwoarse deseyne,
An' yet tho' disbelief may glowr,
This really com to pass lang seyne.

Thus thro' the langsome winter neights,
O' curious teales sec rowth he'd tell,
O' Brownies gheasts and flaysome seeghts,
Enough to flay the aulden's sell:
As how when witches here war reyfe,
Reeght sonsy fwoak they gar't to peyne,
An' Mitchel Scot's strange fearfu' leyfe,
He telt reeght gleesomely lang seyne.

Scot yence got Criffell on his back,
Some pedder-leyke as stwories tell,
But whow! his girtins gev a crack,
An' down his boozy burden fell.
Auld Nick and Scot yence kempt they say,
Whea best a reape frae Saun cud tweyne,
Clouts begg'd some caff, quo' Mitchel nay,
Sea bang'd the de'il at that lang seyne.

Wi' clish-ma-clatter, cracks, and jwokes,
My friend and me the evenings past,

Unenvying finger-fed feyne fwoaks,
  Uumeyndfu' o' the whustlin' blast;
Wi' sweet content, what needit mair?
  For nought need we our gizrins tweyne,
The auld man's common simple prayer,
  Was ay God be wi' auld lang seyne.

Someteymes he'd talk in wond'rous rheymes,
  About t' rebellion, and how th' Scots
Com owr, and what sec parlish teymes,
  They hed to hide their butter pots,
A' maks o' gear i' sacks they huod,
  To th' fells they druive beath bease and sweyne;
Man! it wad chill thy varra bluid
  To hear o'th' warks o' auld lang seyne.

Yet tho' sec bruolliments galwore,
  Oft snaip'd the whyet of our days,
Yet God be thank'd this awfu' stowre
  Suin ceas'd wi' a' its feary phraise.
Then smeyling peace yence mair restword
  Content or joy to every meynde,
An' rowth and plenty crown'd each bwoard,
  Nea mair we fret for auld lang seyne.

Oh! weels me on thar happy teymes,
  When a' was freedom, friendship, joys,
Or paughty preyde or neameless creymes
  War kent our comforts to destroy;

Nea thoughts of rank engag'd the soul,
  But equals seem'd the squire and heynd,
The laird and dar'ker cheek by chowle,
  Wad sit and crack of auld lang seyne.

'Twas than that nin however great,
  Abuin his neybor thowght his sell,
Bit lads and lasses wont to meet,
  Wi' merry changs their teales to tell;
Frae house to house the rock gairds went,
  I'th' winter neights when t'muin did sheyne,
When luivesome sangs and blythe content,
  Begueyl'd the hours of auld lang seyne.

Lang streek'd out owr the clean hearth steane,
  The lads their sicker stations tuik,
Wheyle to beet on the elden; yen
  As th' auld guid man sat up i'th' nuik.
When Curs'nmas com, what stiven wark,
  Wi' sweet minch'd pyes and hackins feyne,
An' upshots constantly by dark,
  Frae Yuole to Cannelmas lang seyne.

Bit suin as smeyling spring appear'd,
  The farmer leaves the ingle seyde,
His naigs are graith'd, his plows are geer'd,
  For ither winters to proveyde.
Blythe as a lavrick owr the rig,
  He lilts thro' monny a langsome leyne,

An' southy crops o' beans an' bigg,
Neest year mek up for auld lang seyne.

Owr a' the joys the seasons bring,
Nin, bonny hay teyme, comes leykes thee,
Weel pleas'd we lythe the lasses sing,
The lads drive on wi' hearty glee;
Rashly they scale the scattran swathe,
Wi' zig zag fling the reakers tweyne,
An' seylin sweats their haffets bathe,
Sec wark was meyne weel pleas'd lang seyne.

But hay teyme owr an' harvest come,
Shek reype an' ready to be shworne,
See how the kempan shearers bum.
An' rive an' bin an' stook their cworn;
At darknin' canty heam they turn.
Whar a douce supper pangs them feyne,
Or if they're duin a rivan curn
Meks up for pinchery lang seyne.

Last, best of a', comes on Carle fair,
Frae every art the young fwoak druive,
The lads we'el don'd, the lasses fair,
Joy in their een, their bwosoms luive;
Wi' lowpin', dancin' and deray,
Wi' neyce shwort ceaks, sweet punch an' weyne.
An' sec leyke things they spent the day;
There's nea swports now leyke auld lang seyne.

Thus vearst in legendary teale,
  This auldfar'd chronicle cud tell
Things that yaens varra lugs wad geale,
  Of what to this an' that befell;
Bit hirplan fast on leyfe's downhill,
  His prejudice wad sair incleyne
To think the present nought but ill,
  An' nought at dow but auld lang seyne.

Frae sympathy as strange as true,
  E'en I his nwotions seem'd to catch;
For far geane teymes when I review.
  I'm with the prizzent leyke to fratch;
Yes there's a secret plizzer springs
  Frae retrospect, that soothes the meynde,
Reflection back to fancy brings
  The joyous hours of auld lang seyne.

Fareweel ye moments of deleyght,
  Adieu ye scenes I lang may mourn,
Nea mair ye cheer my anxious seight,
  Impossible ye shall return;
Leyfes darknin' low'rs; the sun of youth
  On wint'ry eage mun cease to sheyne,
And stoutest hearts confess this truth,
  The prizzent's nought leyke auld lang seyne.

But whether 'tis the partial eye,
  With glass inverted, shews the scene,

The guode things past resolve to spy,
  An' blast the prizzent wid our spleen
I know not; this alone I know,
  Our past misfortunes we'd propeyne
T' oblivion, wheilst our prizzent woe
  Maks dear the joys of auld lang seyne.

For as I range the weel ken'd haunts
  Of past amusements, youthfu' bliss,
Wi' impulse strange my bwosom pants
  For what ye owe was, for what now is;
Each step I tread some far fled hour
  Of past endearment, brings to meynde
Each callar shade an' silent bower.
  Ca' back the joys of auld lang seyne.

Then doubly sweet the black-bird sang,
  Wi' tenfold beauties smeyl'd the grove,
Creation round ya chorus rang,
  'Twas plizzers tuone inspir'd by luive;
But when auld yeage wi' slivin' han',
  Sal roun' the heart insiduous tweyne,
'Tis than we see an' only than,
  The prizzent's nought leyke auld lang seyne.

A Bon Mot.

ITS strange how aptly from first sight men judge,
This thing or that denominating fudge;
Catching each prejudice from outward shew,
Without examining what lies below;
Wise, foolish, worthy, worthless bad, or good,
With glance intuitive is understood;
Nay some they are so penetrating reckon'd,
As if from first sight they had gain'd the second;
A glist'ning vestment or a thread-bare coat,
With them doth wit or want of it denote,
And every item of exterior dress,
Certes th' internal merit doth confess;
Just like excisemen, they precisely scan
And guage the sum of intellect in man,
He that has wealth's a wit, and by that rule,
He that is destitute's of course a fool.
Immortal Sterne had some where said of Trim,
Whene'er I think of this I think of him;
That he one day to parson Yorrick said,
Being nettled with the curates punning,
For godsake do leave off this funning,

As you say, but as I say, ill bred trade,
Sir, I presume against that awful day,
When universal inquest shall be made,
Impartial Heaven will small attention pay
To outward title, colouring, or parade;
But if we've done our duty here below,
Like champions true and kept the proper tack on,
Eternal justice will not seek to know
Whether 'twas in a red coat, or a black one;
One day engaged in various chat,
Pope with an old ocquaintance sat,
'Twas in a coffee house, or honse some such,
The poet from his pocket drew
A latin manuscript to shew
A passage which perplex'd him much:
His friend with penetrating eye,
Survey'd the sentence o'er and o'er,
Tittle by tittle but no more
A right construction could supply,
Than could our bard himself before.

A spruce young officer who chanc'd to be
In the same box, or in that next them,
Desir'd they'd be so good as let him see,
The passage which so much had vex'd them;
Pope with a most contemptuous vapour,
To our young soldier gave the paper,
Who after having look'd at it a while,
Return'd it with a smile,

Observing the matter was quite plain,
And needs but little explanation,
As the true sense they'd easily obtain
By just inserting an interrogation.
Interrogation ! with a sneer,
Quoth Pope, why Sir, I pray what's that ?
The smart who fancied Alexander queer,
Replied with answer pat,
(That bore reproof but not illnatures sting
Nor spleen's sugestions),
Sir, 'tis a little crooked thing
That asketh questions.

A Prayer to Jehovah.

O thou to whom thro' natures spacious round
Are paid alike the praise and prayers of all;
Great universal parent of mankind,
Who with one common ear dost hear the cry
Of Pagan, Christian, Musselman, or Jew,
Hear my request, nor let my suppliant voice
To thee, great power uprais'd be rais'd in vain;
Nor shall inordinate desires compose
The supplications of my humble heart;
But in obedience to thy wise decrees,
Resign'd to thy omniscience, let me wait
Thy bounteous providence, which shall supply
What best is suited to my earthly lot;
In this, thy will, all gracious God, be done;
I pray not to invert thy fix'd resolves,
But conscious of my own contracted powers,
My imbecility and want of strength
To act with perfect rectitude alone,
To thee I pray, divinity supreme!
O power of mercy? mercifully hear,
Give me thy wisdom, guide me in thy ways,
Inspire my heart with thy enlivening light,

Of truth celestial, and inform my soul,
Amidst the doubts and ambigues that cloud
The futile reasonings of more futile man,
When self confounded, in our each research,
Our each enquiry for uncertain truth,
Is plung'd in that inextricable maze,
From which no other hand, save hand divine,
Can rescue and restore the wilder'd soul;
Inform my heart in that embaras'd hour,
The way the most consistent with thy will;
Teach me humility, nor let my mind,
Elated with intoxicating draughts
Of earth-sprung vanity, one hour forget
Her sole dependance on thy powerful hand:
Let universal charity inspire
And warm my breast with love for all mankind,
Nor ever let condition, country, age,
Degrade in my opinion those they love;
Has with one common care my equals made.
When the rude whirlwind of resentment tears
The agitated passions, or the rage
Of anger in wild ferment drives the soul:
Do thou with halcyon touch those jars compose,
And hush those conflicts into perfect peace;
Nor let base views of interest e'er misguide
My wayward heart from virtue's slippery path:
Still first in my remembrance be observ'd
To practice mercy, equity, and truth,
Nor when the mournful voice of pity calls

For my assistance and demands relief,
Let me not cruelly affliction spurn
And aggravate the sufferings of distress;
But far as my ability extends
To others give what mercy gives to me.
Thus, in conformity with thy commands,
Be done my every action, thought, and word;
Nor let an obstinate perverseness bind
My soul to error, which should live in thee.
What work mysterious by thy mighty hand
Has been perform'd, let me not with contempt
And vile impertinence presume to scan;
Since conscious of his littlenes, shall man
Pretend to measure science infinite;
No, when I cannot trace the obvious cause
Of each effect; let me with humbler heart
Believe thy wisdom, and adore thy ways.
Whate'er my lot, whilst in this changeful world;
Or rais'd in affluence or depress'd in want,
Still let thy hand direct my wav'ring soul,
To follow virtue and recede from vice;
That when the devious course of life is o'er,
When all our cares, our passions, and desires
Shall be by death's all conquering hand expung'd:
My soaring spirit confident in thee
And in thy word, shall with assurance rise,
To tread in that eternal round of bliss,
Where happy cherubims for ever praise
Thy perfect blssedness, thy glorious name.

G.

The Apparition,

A TALE.

NEAR where o'er monny a craggy steep,
The Liddle winds its flood;
Deep in the bosom of a glen,
A Kirk a' lonely stood.

Nor house nor hall for monny a mile,
Was seen on ilka side,
But gloomy solitude appear'd
To mark the prospect wide.

Save ablins when the peasant swain,
His low'ring heifers led,
Or sporting o'er the mountains brae,
The fleecy lambkins fed.

For if by chance mid mirky night,
The shepherd sought his cot,
With studied care he'd strive to shun,
This melancholy spot.

Syne fame had round the country rung,
That monny o flaysome sight,
Had in the lone kirk yard been seen,
Oft by the moon's pale light.

Especially whene'er a corpse,
Was taen to his lang home,
Some de'il was sure to take his post,
Close o'er the new-made tomb.

Oft by miscanter this way led,
The nighted traveller's seen,
A frightful ghaist array'd in white,
Where a new grave had been.

And true, tho' wonderful it is,
Suon as he met the light,
He has deleerit turn'd and swoon'd,
Wi' thinking on the sight.

Full oft the reeling carlin too
Wi' swats an' sleep misleer'd,
Their wits have tint wi' sprights beheld,
As they have this way steer'd.

Nea sneaking suitor frae his lass,
Tho' this were e'er sea bain,
But snaip'd wi' fear o' goblins dire,
Another gait has taen.

May not the bauldest of the bauld,
When gloomy black'd the bent,
Wad bauldly tempt the dang'rous pass,
Were certain skaith was kent.

It chanc'd ae night ane Kirsty Bell,
For de'ils no' muckle flay'd,
Had lang ayond the hour o' twal,
At the neist Clachan staid.

For Jemmy Ruikbies cracks and yell,
Sea occupied his pate,
He ne'er ance thought tho' it was dark
An' wet, about his gait.

The nearest way to Kirsty's house,
Lay by the lonely kirk,
But who sea brave wad try the road,
At midnight wet an' mirk.

Beside a neybor had yestreen,
Been to the earth consign'd;
These circumstances a' conspir'd,
To damp the callans mind.

But he maun hame, befa' what will,
Let de'ils or darkness league,
Tho' terrors mair employ'd his mind,
Than thoughts o' the fatigue.

But tother Hawick jill put down,
Pot valiant made the wight,
An' off he sets to feace the storm,
And horrors of the night.

O'er monny a hill, thro' monny a gill,
He grap'd his tractless way,
At last drew near the place and where
The dismal kirk yard lay.

And as he near'd the fated bit,
By ilk dyke nuik he past,
His een wi' wild enquiring gaze,
Are on each object cast.

At length a wee bit spunk o' light,
Transfix'd his wand'ring eyes,
Chill horror shook his manly frame,
And fill'd him with surprise.

A chilly sweat his limbs bedew'd,
His hair erected stood,
An icy coldness seem'd to stop,
The current of his blood.

But suon his courage he resumes,
Yet cautiously proceeds,
To where out by the steeples end,
The winding pathway leads.

Here at the corner of the kirk,
Arriv'd he views wi' dread,
A ghaistly spectre pale and wan,
In funeral garb array'd.

Fornent him yawn'd a frightful grave,
On ilk side o' the ground
Lay skulls and various other bains,
Confus'dly scatter'd round.

A' power o' motion now seem'd lost,
Fear nearly stopp'd his breath,
Retreat was vain while to proceed,
Seem'd hurrying on to death.

The spectre ey'd him, and a luik
On Kirsty cast askance,
But wi' a ghaistlike beck advis'd,
The carle not to advance.

But this wee interval of pause,
Contributes to compose
His drooping courage, which ance mair
Rekindling, bravely rose.

Conscious of nea uncommon vice,
Thought Kirsty to himsell,
For what need I be flay'd to feace,
The hale train band o' hell.

Besides imposters weel I wat,
Have been baith rife an' great,
An' ablins searching this may shew,
Has been but a mere cheat.

What tho' the de'il befwore him stood,
An' menac'd his approach;
The whisky steever'd in his pow,
He fear'd him not a roach.

No Kit embolden'd by despair,
Or stupid wi' affright,
Resolv'd to have a nearer stand,
To contemplate the sprite.

Wi' panting heart tho' stedfast eye,
He view'd him o'er and o'er,
But sec a nither awfu' sight,
He ne'er beheld before.

His head seem'd tow'ring to the lift,
His een horrific glar'd,
Whilst on th' intrusive visitant,
The spectre sternly star'd.

And thrice he shook his hideous head,
Thrice wav'd him to haud back,
And thrice he stamped wi' his foot,
But fient a word he spak.

Oh, whisky, thou most potent draught,
Wi' thee, what powers we feel,
Thy influence can inspire the heart,
Wi' pith to dare the de'il.

Undaunted Kirsty saw him nod,
  Undaunted met his stare,
Resolv'd if possible to trace
  The end of this affair.

But as he offer'd to advance,
  To face the frightfu' foe,
The fantom rais'd a spade on high,
  And aim'd a deadly blow.

Which swift descending on his crown,
  His skull, tho' thick, had broke,
Had not our wight wi' agile spring.
  Step'd back, and shunn'd the stroke.

Convinc'd frae carnal proofs like these,
  He'd here nea spirit found,
Kit on him leyke a tyger lap,
  An' hurl'd him to the ground.

For fear subsiding, strength increas'd,
  When join'd in closer strife,
An' murder, loud the miscreant skirl'd,
  An' piteous begg'd his life.

What are you? what's your bus'ness here?
  Quo' Kirsty, speak, reply,
Take heed and don't equivocate,
  Or else by heaven you die!

Here in this newly howked grave,
  Thy carcase will I stow,
Unless that thou shall answer me,
  All I shall seek to know.

O spare my life, the wretch exclaim'd,
  O spare these vengefu' blows,
An' a' that you desire to ken,
  I'll faithfully disclose.

My cot's a wee bit down the burn,
  I lead a shepherd's life,
These hands have a to fin that feeds,
  Six young anes and a wife.

I've struggl'd sair, baith late and air,
  To keep them g'n wi' bread,
An' monny a bitter baste we bade,
  In times o' pinchin' need.

What else but need cou'd bring me here,
  To do this dismal act,
An' what will fo'ks not undertake,
  By poortith sair attack'd.

An' oft as death a neybor sent,
  In peace to his lang home,
My custom's been at dead of night,
  To howk him frae his tomb.

An' monny a clay-cold corpse I've stripp'd,
Of a' their funeral graith,
That brats an' sarks have weel supply'd,
For wife an' wee anes baith.

For haith I thought it nea great harm,
To rob the slumb'ring dead,
O things that they cud never want,
O things that we had need.

Fu' weel I kend the country's fears,
By vulgar panic bred,
'Twas these secur'd me from surprise,
An' left me nought to dread.

Nor wad the bauldest of the swains,
Have on discovery thought,
Had you not accidentily,
By chance thus found me out.

To a' that ye have sought to ken,
My answers are sincere,
Nor need you question ought I say,
Seyne you survey me here.

No, faith, quoth Kit, I've nea dispute,
The proofs are far owr strang,
An' for the trade that here ye've held,
Ye weel deserve to hang.

But seyne 'tis leyke ye may'nt ageane,
Sec bus'ness undertake,
Ise e'en release an' let ye gang,
For weyse an' wee anes sake.

Bauld Kirsty thus wi' whisky arm'd,
This ghaist sea dreadfu' laid;
The dead fo'k undisturb'd now lie,
The living pass unflay'd.

HOPE.

A SONNET.

HOPE! thou firm anchor of the soul,
Sweet antidote of every sorrow:
That canst to-day's distress controul,
Thro' expectation of to-morrow;
Thou that with kindly hand dost bear,
The vassals yoke, the captive's chain,
That canst assuage our every care,
And mitigate each rankling pain.
Cheer with thy smile the drooping heart,
Shew future pleasures fair to view,
That whilst we feel the instant smart,
We may the distant bliss pursue:
'Tis thine alone to soften every care,
Life to prolong and dissipate despair.

The Happy Couple,

A PASTORAL.

> " Harmony to behold in wedded pair,
> " More grateful than harmonious sound to th' ear."
> *Milton's Paradise Lost.*

BENEATH a rev'rend oak, whose spreading boughs
Hung o'er the plain and form'd a pleasing shade,
Two lovers lay exchanging mutual vows;—
The young PHILANDER and his long-lov'd maid.

Not less in love than Eden's loving pair,
With fond embraces each encircling each;
Strangers to discontent, no pain or care,
Save what fond love creates, their breasts could reach.

O DELIA, thus began th' enraptur'd swain,
When first I view'd thy charms devoid of art,
Impetuous transport rush'd thro' every vein,
And instant love subdu'd my youthful heart.

My bosom then conceiv'd a flame, th' effect
Of outward loveliness beyond compare;
But 'twas thy mind, with lovely beauties deck'd,
That fed the flame and firmly fix'd it there.

Without thee DELIA, all the world could give,
  Would ne'er restore me to sweet peace of mind,
Of thee possest, contented I could live,
  In humblest state, unenvying all mankind!

O dear PHILANDER, thus the maid return'd,
  When big with love her lab'ring breast had sigh'd,
Long has my heart with warmest passion burn'd,
  For thee, my swain, of Eden's banks the pride!

At ev'ry rural wake, my partial eye
  Still thee preferr'd—no other youth could move
The tender look and deep expressive sigh;—
  And if, as you declare, sincere you'll prove;

Yon splendid orb majestic queen of night,
  And all the glitt'ring fires that round her burn—
Shall cease to spread o'er earth their radiant light,
  When thee forsaking, DELIA's love shall turn.

O then, resum'd the youth with hasty joy,
  Why put we off the hour of nuptial bliss,
Till flying years and posting age destroy,
  Our youthful prime, the time to toy and kiss?—

Next Sunday morn the priest, dear maid, shall tye
  The marriage knot, and join us two in one,
If thou wilt give thine hand;—then DELIA, I
  Shall be the happiest swain these plains have known.

II.

The nymph consented—to the church they went,
And long have liv'd a truly happy pair,
To bless their age, indulgent heav'n has sent
A num'rous race, as virtuous and as fair.

To a Young Lady,

ON GOING INTO THE COUNTRY.

THIS verse, dear MOLLY, I to thee assign,
Nor all my views to elder worth confine;
But what, on this occasion, shall I say,
How form and turn the warm, the faithful lay?
Rather my fond affection let me shew,
That teach the lines with artful times to glow,
While life's gay scenes before you sportive rise,
And tempt you forth with glowing forms, and dies;
Still as the flow'ry lengths you smiling pass,
Beware the serpent lurking in the grass—
The serpent man! of all the reptile race
Most subtle, daring, treach'rous, pois'nous, base!
The serpent man! who haunts the virgin's way,
Women his sport! women his constant prey?
These your first views, but make it still your care,
Of all extremes to be alike aware,
Nor life mistaking, and its social good,
Sink down and settle in the sullen prude,

The purport mark, and meditate the end,
To which man's overtures still doubtful tend,
And thus the false distinguish from the true,
As prudence bids, your cautious plan pursue.
Thus try, the man, 'tis his, remember well,
His to attack—your's, MOLLY to repel;
Acquit yourself, maintain the well-fought field,
And only with, not at discretion, yield.
Think that you fall for ever, if you fall,
A woman's honour—is a woman's all.
In this wit, beauty, fortune, form, and mind,
She gives, like atoms, to the whistling wind;
All worth, all pleasure, is with honour lost,
A truth that thousands witness to their cost.
The fate of women deeply we deplore,
They fall like stars, that set to rise no more.
But why this topic with such ardour prest,
To you, with innocence, with virtue blest?
Not that I think you weak proceeds my song,
But that I know the wretch, false man is strong;
My fears from fondness, not suspicion rise,
No storm he dreads, who risks at sea no prize.
Indulgent then, the friendly strains receive,
A friendly strain is all a bard can give,
Some worth still waits on poverty's rude call,
A mite has value, when a mite is all.

Tom Knott.

TOM KNOTT, leyke monny mair in leyfe,
Was pester'd with an illgien weyfe,
Frae mworn till neeght her millclack tongue
Dirl'd in his lugs and loudly rung;
The clangour of her squeel peype thrwoat,
Tho' ey 'twas tuon'd in mischiefs nwote:
Whate'er he did, whate'er transacted,
Or whether ill or weel he acted
Was a' as yen, for nowght was reeght,
An' Tib misca'd him day and neeght,
Which meade him wish his spouse uncivil,
Full monny a teyme was at the devil;
Bit this he ay keep'd till his sell,
And tho' agriev'd durst never tell,
Because he knew reeghtweel sud he
Set up his gob, directly she
Wad kick'd up hell's deleyght i'th' house,
Which meade him mum as onny mouse,
An' snuol leyke, yield a fworc'd submission,
To what he deem'd a de'il's condition;
Bit tho' to keep a whyat leyfe,
Tom teamly knockled till his wife,

Yet now and then he'd raise a durdum,
Sea loud 'at hauf o'th' town meeght heard him;
Bit this was oft at the blue Bell,
When met wid haufthicks leyke his sell,
Owr some o' Nanny Newton's yell,
Tom then wad tell a parlish teale,
Wad rive and rwore and raise a rumpus,
Ay someteymes swear by jing to thump us.
For frae experience oft we see,
When fwoaks yence teaste of Liberty,
'At hev befwore oppression fun',
Still to some daft extreme mun run,
And slaves the meast oppress'd still wou'd
Be th' greatest tyrants if they cou'd:
Thus he a sackless when at heame,
Nowght of guodman but just the neame,
Wad when he reach'd a public house,
Unkend to Tib turn deevlish cruose,
An' domineer owr fwoaks as vain,
As if the town was a' his ain.

It chanc'd ae halloween that Tom,
Wi' Harry, Jack, an' Seymie com,
An' monny jafflers leyke his sell,
To swlote awheyle at th' auld blue Bell,
Ae whart fast after tother follow'd,
They smuik'd, they drank, they sang, they hollo'd,
An' lang befwore the midneeght hour,
War a' as drunk as they cud glwore,

Loud noise by some caw'd disputation,
For want of better conversation
Employ'd this open throppl'd crew,
An' nonsense frae a' quarters flew,
An' things were said as reason ended,
Unmeaning and as unintended;
Tom umbrage took at winkin' Wat,
Whe something said, he knew not what,
Ne'er ak, it matter'd not a fardin,
Tom goister'd, Watty begg'd his pardin,
It was a' yen, no dam thy snout,
Ise here, if thou's a man turn out,
Thou's monny teyme run th' rig o' me,
For leyle or nought, bit now let's see
What mak o' stuff thou is when try'd,
Thou needent gleyme, I'll yark thy hide,
I'll larn thee to cock-mantle will I,
And teach thee better manners Billy:
The room was full of noise and racket,
Tom doff'd his neckloth, hat, and jacket,
An' leyke a madman stamp'd the fleer,
When wicked luck the entry deer
Just at that instant gev a creek,
In bang'd Tom's weyfe. she cuddent speak,
Rage ty'd her tongue, or else she would,
Tom petrified with horror stood;
A beesom shank her hand furst met,
Wi' which she leyke a vengeance set
Upon his reddy bare mead back,
An' dealt him monny a wordie smack,

Owr seydes an' shoulders, craig an' crown,
Until the bluid ran spurtlan down,
At last her yammer outgeat fan',
And thus this rantipow began:—
Thou nasty guod-for-neathing dog,
Here is thou drunk as onny hog,
Wheyleth bairns, a bonny speech indeed,
Mun sit without a beyte of bread;
O thou's a menceless urlin ista,
Weel thou desarves thy pakes at dista:
And you, 'od wheyte leeght on you a',
A set o' dow for noughts to draw
Fwoaks men away to' th' public houses,
And here to haud your midneeght bouses,
O leytle stops me, bit I'd jaup,
This whart o' yell about your scope—
Sea said, she cleck'd wi' baith her neeves
The glass an' stoup, an' on the thieves
Them shower'd—'at Seymie's chafts she clash'd
The whart, the glass at Jack she dash'd,
An' when nea mair to throw she had,
She clapp'd her han's an' skirl'd for mad.
Tom saw the storm was louder getheran,
An' flait o' gittan tudder letheran,
Thought it was prudent to retire,
As stan' and feace a second fire:
Sea thro' the snow stark neak'd he pot,
Widout yence speeran for his shot;
Tib leyke a fury cursan efter,
An' he tho' swift, had ne bouk left her,

For beath gat nearly heame togither,
As speyte sped yen, an' freeght the ither;
Here was a fearfu' altercation,
Wi' illfar'd neames, noise and vexation,
Tho' Tom, peer man, nit mickle said,
But slipp'd off whiately to bed,
Yet Tib you meight hev heard a mile hence,
Till sleep had stuok'd her gob in silence:—
Oh, man! oh, man! what pity 'tis,
That what we whop our heeghest bliss,
Sud disappoint us, nay what's worse,
Sea oft turns out a real curse,
It shews man's want o' fworeseeght truly,
In not consideran matters duely,
And gives him monny illfar'd cowps,
Whea gowk leyke luiks not or he loups;
But shaugh! what signifies reflection,
To streyfe let's never add dejection:
Tom had eneugh o' this at heame,
When th' meagrims tuok his stingy deame,
But what o' that? he now and than,
Cud be a middlin happy man,
Which shews that human disposition,
Is seldom fixt in yae condition.
Tho' leately Tom hed sec a bruoly,
An' hey bey wi' his weyfe unhuoly,
When to avoid her clamourous jaw,
He skelp'd stark neak'd amang the snow;
Yet scarce a month was owr or mair,
When Tom returnin' frae the fair,

Met his three crwonies on the rwoad,
An' he, a silly sackless pwoad,
God kens smaw invitation sarra'd,
When thus wi' teypors sea weel marrow'd;
To gang an' pree anudder bicker,
Of Nanny Newton's nappy liquor—
In bang'd our neybors helter shelter,
For each was at a slwote a smelter,
An' he 'at fworemost cud advance,
Ay thought he hed a double chance,
Yence set, whart follow'd whart as fast,
As if each yen hed been their last,
An' a' the foursome gat as merry,
As tho' they'd drunken sack or cherry:
Teyme they begeyl'd wi' clish-ma-clatters,
An' crack'd on many diff'rent matters,
Someteymes on trade, someteymes on war,
Someteymes on country's god kens whar;
When Seymie, that auld fashion'd hanniel,
Whea was as slee as onny Danniel,
Declar'd to him 'twas parlish strange,
That yell sud work sea mickle change,
In fwoaks especially, says he,
As we've beheld frien' Tom in thee,
For generally we mun allow,
In brwolliments thou art nea cow,
Nay, for a pinch wad risk thy life,
Bit when a rumpus wi' thy weyfe
Breks out, 'tis then a chang'd affair,
Thou has not hauf a word to spare,

Why man she kelk'd thee leyke a log,
And chess'd thee leyke a cwoley dog,
An' than sic illfar'd neames she ca'd tha,
Thou wad be vex'd, Tom, I'll upho'd tha:
Dam me, I'd try to mend this matter,
An' breydle her infernal clatter.
Tho' Tom a buzzard was at heame,
Was not at every pleace the seame,
His stomach ne'er cud brook adveyce,
Especially in points sea neyce,
His weyfe the subject, feigh upon her!
But then you see it touch'd his honour,
Ay there's the thing that rais'd the racket;
Agean off flew cwoat, sark, and jacket,
Widout a why or wherefore speeran,
He rwose leyke onny deevil sweeran;
His thumps at random dealt pell mell,
Beneath his strokes a' threesome fell,
A' three he beat, threyce risk'd his leyfe,
Weant heame—was paick'd agean by th' weyfe.

The Suicide,

A PASTORAL.

'TWAS in that season of the year,
When Sol in Cancer reigns,
When his bright beams obsequious cheer,
The hoary northern plains.

When THYRIS, deep opprest with woe,
Sought the sequester'd shade,
Fell sorrow sat upon his brow,
Which inward grief betray'd.

The bird of night, with dreary croak,
With horror struck the ear,
The raven from the hollow oak,
Mark'd melancholy near.

The wint'ry, hoarse, resounding main,
Beat foaming on the beach,
Wild echo answer'd back the strain,
With counterfeited speech.

The scene struck horror to the soul,
The moon scarce deign'd her light,
The stars their brilliant rays controul,
And faintly gleam with light.

And must I thus for ever mourn,
The trembling lover said,
Thus in eternal torments burn,
And love, tho' unrepaid.

Ah! thou relentless, stubborn fair,
Thou tyrant of my heart,
Can thy cold breast no comfort spare,
To mitigate my smart.

Ah! cruel fate's who govern's all,
With wise omniscient eye,
Why did not I in battle fall?
Why not in battle die?

When thro' the briny main profound,
We chas'd the hostile foe,
Why were my cares with conquest crown'd,
Severer cares to know.

When o'er America's wide plain
We plung'd thro' floods of gore,
Where heaps on heaps of men were slain,
And artful thunders roar.

Why were proud Gallia's sons so kind,
To spare my wretched breath?
But this in future time to find,
A still severer death.

For ten years Britannia's lord,
Did I undaunted serve,
For him I bore the British sword,
His freedom to preserve.

But ah, alas! my toils are vain,
No recompence I knew,
Ophelia treats me with disdain,
My nation slights me too!

Oft did I hope thro' trains of toils,
My fortune to improve,
And to return with richest spoils,
Victorious to my love.

When plenty flush'd my youthful years,
That love would on me smil'd,
But now too late the truth appears,
I only was beguil'd.

For her I stood the long campaign,
In distant climes unknown,
But now she treats me with disdain,
And cares my labours crown.

Oh, cruel land! oh, cruel fair,
And destinies unkind,
Must I for ever thus despair,
Nor the least comfort find.

Yet death shall end the trying strife,
That fate forbears to do,
My hand commands my death—my life,
I droop—I die for you!

He said, and with a fatal blow,
Deep plung'd the piercing steel,
In his cold heart transfix'd in woe,
Supine the lover fell.

He fell, and falling spurn'd the ground,
With carnage deeply dy'd,
His spirit issu'd at the wound,
He sigh'd, and groan'd, and died.

An Epistle,

To the Right Reverend EDWARD L—d VERNON,
BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

ACCEPT, my Lord, the poor, the humble lay,
The only tribute poverty can pay,
Can pay at merit's, not at flatt'ry's shrine,
Where all to rev'rence and admire incline;
Nor yet condemn unheard the faithful strain,
Which only waits permission to explain,
And tell the cause that urges this address,
Unmeaning to offend, to injure less;
To servile adulation quite unknown,
My offering breathes sincerity alone;
Vain tho' it seem, no pride inspires my mind,
Your approbation's all I wish to find;
Nay even that were vanity to hope,
And marks ambition in its amplest scope,
Did not your peerless goodness all confess,
Alone excite and sanction this address;
Behold in humble mien the suppliant muse,
Who more for pardon than for plaudit sues,
Fearful she blushes lest unmeant offence
Should raise suspicion of impertinence:

But say what obvious reasons can appear
To warrant this extravagance of fear?
Why beats the heart with anxious doubts opprest?
Why blush the cheek? why heave the flutter'd breast?
From you, my L—d, what need to apprehend
One cause of pain, to all mankind a friend;
From you, whose heart, with every virtue stor'd,
Seeks but for place its blessings to afford.
With heav'n-inspir'd benevolence replete,
With all that's generous, all that's good, that's great,
The single thought displeasure to suspect,
Were to offend by methods indirect;
The thought injurious could but plead in vain
For pardon, which it should not hope to gain:
Let no false founded fears a passage find,
To rashly frame and prejudice the mind;
Where perfect goodness regulate the soul,
No baseness can its rectitude controul:
Then, hush my doubts! avaunt my timid fears!
A ray of confidence my bosom cheers:
I feel my heart the warmest raptures raise,
To join the public in the public praise;
Where fir'd by emulation all conspire
Which to applaud you most, and most admire;
'Tis your benevolence swells the grateful song,
Your generous heart inspires the ardent throng;
See round you press whole legions of the poor,
And hosts of supplicants beset your door;
The weak, the wretched, indigent, opprest,
All that mischance or error has distrest,

Alike excited by your generous name,
Your equal pity and assistance claim:
Nor claim in vain, not readier moves the tongue,
To tell the tales of wretchedness and wrong,
Than moves your hand, impatient for relief,
To soothe their pains and mitigate their grief;
Nor can the tales of woe alone controul
Your kind attention and engross your soul:
For more extensive purposes you live,
Than merely individual joys to give;
With private cares the public you unite
And with a subject's view a nation's right;
In various functions equally you wait,
Alike an ornament to church and state,
Ah! say religion! much degraded maid,
Whom sceptics more than redicule has made:
To thee what braver champion shall resort,
Thy sacred truths to publish and support,
With soothing precepts virtue to instil,
And by example to retard from ill,
A friend to virtue in whatever guise,
An equal enemy to practis'd vice;
'Tis not the shew of sanctity can move
His heart the base appearance to approve;
Abash'd imposture shrinks before his eyes,
Whilst mock devotion in confusion flies,
'Tis not on him pretension shall impose,
All fallacy his judgment overthrows,
Us'd to discriminate 'twixt false and true,
He sees their real worth at single view;

Nor can the pomp of pride, the glare of state,
The pageants that on proud ambition wait,
From him a more than due esteem command,
Who knows to value as to understand;
'Tis not the outward ornaments of show,
On man a worth intrinsic can bestow;
His value rises from a different cause;
And merit's self alone commands applause;
'Tis but to true desert alone you give
The plaudit genius ever should receive,
And great or base, impertinent or wise,
By justice sway'd, encourage or despise,
Then say of these accomplishments possest,
Why shouldst thou, Muse, recline thy fearful crest?
Bear up thy head, and with those scruples scope,
That only stifle and extinguish hope:
That hand which deals munificence arouud,
That heart where all benevolence is found,
Which good dispensing yields to each degree,
Will from necessity remember thee;
Will not neglect the toiling poor who claim
The character of an unblemish'd name.
By him encourag'd soon the muse shall rear
Her drooping head and quit each former fear,
With joyous exultation lift her voice,
To join the public and with them rejoice;
And, as the circling years revolve along,
Have annual cause to chaunt her grateful song;
And may those years be numerous, and those days,
The humble Poet most sincerely prays.

Frederick and Eliza;

OR,

THE SHIPWRECK.

IN Albion's happy realm where science smiles,
And commerce spreads her wide extended sails
O'er every sea to each remotest clime,
Where high display'd fair freedom's ensign flies,
The gall and envy of surrounding states:
In this thrice happy land PALEMON liv'd,
On whose industrious plans had fortune smil'd,
With that encouragement which merit claims,
His wealth had with his inward worth increas'd,
Not one of all the vast commercial train
Would him have match'd in riches or renown;
But oft the adverse winds, the treacherous deep
Had disappointed his most sanguine hopes,
And their rage destroy'd his fairest views.
A numerous progeny, whose infant wants
His scanty fortunes could but ill supply,
With added care lay heavy at his heart;
He saw with pain increas'd their opening years,
Beheld with sorrow each improving grace
In their fair forms, for which his scanty stock
But ill responded to their future claims.

His wife, the partner of his every care,
With kind solicitude would often strive
To soothe the painful throbbings of his breast,
And say, when stern mifortune heaves the rod,
And haggard indigence besets our doors,
What arguments so powerful can assuage
The complicated sorrows of the soul.
The parent saw, unable to avert
The impending misery, that threatning, lower'd,
And seem'd, as tho' it aim'd ere long to make
The measure of his wretchedness complete.
Each art he tries, each art successless proves,
Each friend solicits, but alas! too true
The proverb's verify'd, that in distress
Our friends, tho' numerous in our happier days,
Are basely dwindled to a hapless few!
Thus all in vain his every effort proves,
A stronger passion than persuasion's voice
Resolves the sire on some happy coast,
To seek that fortune here pursu'd in vain;
With this design, he, with his little train,
Abandon'd with regret their native shore,
And at the Downs embark'd with anxious hearts,
To tempt the dangers of an unknown sea
And unknown lands, to them at least unknown.
Amongst this fair expatriated land,
By sad necessity to exile driven,
Eliza first and last engross'd the care
Of her sad mother, and her sorrowing sire;

She, the first fruits of their connubial love,
By nature form'd the fairest of the fair;
On her fair cheek the bloom of youthful health,
With virtue blended, and each luring charm
That can command attention, and inspire
Love's soothing transports amply were describ'd
In happier days, before misfortune press'd
Around their guiltless heads a numerous train
Of fond admirers, each by love impell'd,
Or various motives, tho' as powerful urg'd
By sighs and vows, had crouded round the shrine
Of blooming beauty, each with jealous care
And anxious rivalry to win the smile,
The smile of approbation that should speak
The unmask's propensions of Eliza's heart.
Midst these competitors for beauty's prize
Young Frederick sigh'd, but still his fearful heart
Forbade his bashful tongue to tell the tale
His passion prompted; him Eliza view'd
With partial fondness, whilst the flatt'ring host
Of her admirers shar'd her cold neglect.
To Frederick's looks alone her smiles were rais'd,
His name alone was grateful to her ear;
She saw, nor hesitated, till she lov'd;
And soon to him confess'd the mutual flame;
But when her sire's embarras'd state she knew,
Her love, her virtue all at once conspir'd
To check her growing passion, and suppress
By every argument her lover's hopes;

She knew the disproportion in their rank,
Her indigence, his opulence; nay, more,
She knew his Father, sorded in extreme,
Would ne'er consent to the unequal match.
At length the eve of that sad fatal day,
Appointed for their embarkation came;
The lovers met, but grief a while suppress'd
The faculty of words, whilst tears alone
Bespoke the painful feelings of their hearts;
He kiss'd, he press'd her to his throbbing breast,
Told her the tales of love in happier times,
And all the soft endearments of their lives,
Till quite o'erwhelm'd by their abundant grief,
They wept aloud, then kiss'd and bade adieu.
Meanwhile the youth determin'd not to part
With all he lov'd, with all his heart held dear,
In secret meditates, nor doubtful long
What course to choose, precipitate resolves
Disguis'd t' attend her thro' the dangerous voyage,
Nor even inform herself of this design,
Till her necessities should claim his aid.
Dress'd like a hardy mariner, he hies
With eager steps to where the vessel lay,
Bespeaks the master, and a birth obtains;
Then with agility impatient springs
Into the bark where all his treasure's stor'd.
Fair blows the wind, with speed the anchor's weigh'd,
Up fly the sails, whilst, down, the channel driven
By swelling gales, they sweep their rapid course,

And soon far distant leave their native shore.
PALEMON wept, as from his glistn'ning eye
His country vanish'd, and with faultering tongue
He thus bewail'd his sad reverse of fate:—
Adieu, fair isle! upon whose happy coasts
Blest liberty hath rear'd her ample throne,
Where arts have flourish'd and where science smiles
On her fair offspring with a parent's love;
Adieu! thrice happy scenes of youthful joy,
Where smil'd sweet pleasure on my infant hours,
When each revolving year, each rising morn
Engag'd my heart with undisturb'd delight,
Thro' all the various course of youthful bliss,
From youth-hood onward to matur'd estate;
Nor once the slightest care had touch'd my heart
Until these eyes beheld Amelia's charms:
Nor then 'twas pain, 'twas extacy of bliss,
A pleasure that perfected former joys;
For on her charms what eye could senseless gaze?
What heart unmov'd behold her matchless form?
Abstract of all desireable below,
With every virtue, with each grace adorn'd,
She seem'd possess'd of all that Heaven could give,
To make her sex desireable to man;
I saw, I sigh'd, I sought, and won the fair;
Crown'd with her love, myself I now esteem'd
By far the happiest of the happy few,
Save that the cares of bus'ness would by turns
Suspend and damp the extacy of love;

Yes, 'twas for thee, if e'er an anxious thought
Disturb'd the requium of my tranquil soul,
Which else was perfect universal balm,
In thee alone was center'd every wish:
For thee each project of my future life
Was plann'd, whilst love suggested all my schemes:
But soon, ah, soon the fond delusion fled,
And, like a dream evanescent, my hopes
And fortune shrunk together from my view,
Whilst the blind goddess left but in my power
To curse her fickle treatment, and revile
Her former blandishments which now but serv'd
To render me more sensible of woe.

Now to the vast Atlantic onward borne,
By happiest gale impell'd, the vessel drives;
But not auspicious long the winds remain,
Their course they change, assume the whirlwind roar,
And hollow murmurings from the depth below
Do plainly indicate th' approaching storm;
The master tries each effort to suppress
Contagious fears, and vigour to inspire
In his still ready crew, whose dext'rous hands,
Uniting strength with skill, strain every nerve,
T' oppose the tempest and the ship to steer.
Down sweep the rattling sails and low'ring yard,
And all prepare against the threat'ning danger;
But still the storm increases, and the winds
Bellow more horrible, whilst from below

Th' uplifted waves in liquid mountains rise,
And seem'd to combat with contending Heaven.
A thick'ning gloom the face of day o'erspread,
Whilst from the opening clouds, the lightnings flash,
Whose livid glare contribute but to shew
In view more terrible the frightful scene;
Frequent and loud the dreadful thunders roar,
Whilst the impetuous winds and foaming deep
Appear to emulate in point of rage.
Meanwhile the vessel, struggling with the storm,
Strain'd with the conflicts of the winds and waves,
Unmanag'd, and unguided, drives along;
Now on the mounted surge exalted borne,
They seem to sail thro' the ætherial waste,
And view from high the dreadful gulph below:
Then down the wat'ry precipice they plunge
Precipitate into the yawning deep,
Whose opening furrows threaten instant death.
Despair now sits imprinted on each face,
Despondency the vig'rous hand arrests
Of every mariner, whilst all aghast
The helpless passengers, unus'd to view
Scenes so terrific, in each gust expect
To meet at once the bottom and their death;
Down fall the splinter'd masts with hideous crash;
Whilst like a log upon the tumbling sea,
The vessel seems a wreck, the pumps in vain
Discharge th' ingorging waters from below;
That gaining as discharg'd, the leaks extend.

Amidst these horrid scenes of circling woe
PALEMON with his helpless offspring sat,
Absorb'd in all the anguish of despair:
By turns his eyes in tenderness he fix'd,
Upon his children; then uprear'd, to Heav'n
He pray'd with all the fervour of his heart.
Close round the neck of her afflicted sire
In wild distraction fair Eliza clung,
And shriek'd, and wept, in phrenzy of distress:
Ah me! she cry'd, my Frederick little knows,
The direful fate that his Eliza waits.
Meanwhile a surge, more furious than the rest,
With mountain-swell the tottering bark upbore,
Then headlong plunging, with tremendous shock,
Full on the pointed rocks the vessel drives;
Loud shriek the crew tumultuous, whilst all
Distraction seizes; down the boats are lower'd
In wild confusion; throngly pressing in,
Each only anxious for his own escape,
Waits not, to lend assistance to his friend:
In death and dangers thus distinctions cease,
And all attempt deliverance for themselves,
Save faithful Frederick; he amidst the storm,
With agonizing heart and labouring hands,
Perform'd a lover's and a sailor's part,
But ne'er adventur'd once thro' all the voyage
To undisguise himself to her he lov'd,
Till now when least expected needed most;
When thronging to their boats the hapless crew,

Unable to assist their dearest friends,
Left her weak trembling on the vessel's side;
Just as a wave had swept her from the deck,
Young Frederick leap'd into the foaming flood,
And snatch'd her from the opening jaws of death;
Long in his arms he bore the drooping fair,
Amidst the tossing waves and midnight gloom,
When almost faint and breathless with fatigue,
His side he struck against the floating mast;
This with one hand he seiz'd, then on the wreck
His senseless love he with the other plac'd;
Thus circumstanc'd he gives to fate the charge
Of their direction, anxious for the life
Of his Eliza more than for his own.
At length recovering life, she faintly shriek'd,
Save me, my father, mercy, gracious heaven!
Be comforted, my fair, the lover cry'd,
Heaven will deliver us from our distress.
Soon as her faithful Frederick's well known voice
Sounds in her ears, and her half-opening eyes
Beheld their horrible and dang'rous state,
Again she swoons, and in the billowing deep
Had plung'd, had not his vig'rous arm upborne,
And sav'd her from the death that yawn'd below.
Thus on they roll, from wave to wave impell'd,
Driven by the tempest's unremitting rage,
Till morning, streaking o'er the face of Heaven
With gradual light, shews to their anxious eyes
Land not far distant, where the tumbling surge

Soon cast them spent and breathless on the beach.
Now with returning day subsides the storm;
Hush'd are the winds, and ocean's furrow'd face
Wears, like superior Heaven, a mild serene:
When Frederick, first recovering strength and life,
Rais'd in his arms the pale and breathless maid;
Then feebly bears her to a verdant bank,
Where seated he assiduously employs
Each art his circumstances would allow,
Or reason furnish to revive the fair.
She breathes, he hopes; with eyes extended wide
She wondering stares on every object round:
Where am I? ah! my Frederick! say what chance,
Or hand divine has snatch'd us from the grave,
Where but a moment past we sunk together;
Have we then pass'd the gates of silent death,
And safely landed on the shore of bliss?
Oh! be compos'd, my love, young Frederick cry'd,
All gracious Heaven has deign'd to hear our pray'rs,
And rescu'd us from danger and from death.
But say, my Frederick, cried th' unsettl'd maid,
Say what strange circumstance has brought you here,
You whom I thought in England left behind,
You whom I sadly thought these anxious eyes
Should ne'er have been permitted more to view.
Be thou collected, then exclaim'd the youth,
Whilst I relate th' various arts employ'd,
The shifts and numerous stratagems I us'd
T' elude a parent's vigilence, and gain

The means your devious fortunes to attend.
With brevity th' advent'rer then details
His narrative, whilst she astonish'd hears;
The blush of gratitude and chastest love
Rose in her cheek; his eyes with rapture view'd
The fair suffusion that o'erspread her face,
Whilst to his breast he clasp'd the feeble fair.
Oh! Frederick, I am faint, she cried, I thirst—
I thirst—get me some water, or I die.
Up sprang the youth, alert to her command,
And wander'd o'er the plain, nor wander'd far,
Till a refreshing rivulet he found:
Back with the cheerful tidings, swift he hies,
And from the humble grassy couch uplifts
The feeble maid, and leads her to the brook:
Here seated soon, the woods he next explores
In search of fruits, success endeavour crowns;
Scarce had he reach'd the close embowering grove,
When gratefully saluting to his eyes
In most exuberant profusion round,
He views the luscious fruitage far and wide:
Fraught with the spoils of many a goodly bough,
He back returns with her to share his store,
Which she with blushing courtesy receives.
But now the sun in his meridian height
Shot o'er the ample plains his scorching rays,
That render'd unsupportable the place
Where then they sat:—come then my love, exclaim'd
The youthful Frederick, from this noontide heat,

Let us retire, and in yon verdant shade
Sit and contemplate on our future fate:
Supported by my arm you'll reach the place:
So saying, onward to the fragrant grove,
They feebly walk'd; at length the thicket gain'd,
They seek the most commodious cool retreat;
There underneath the close o'ershadowing boughs,
He gently plac'd her down; fatigue and grief
O'ercame her spirits and she sunk in sleep.
Meanwhile he watch'd her with a lover's care,
And as she lay, survey'd with new delight
Those charms that had trasfix'd his youthful heart,
But yet so pure and delicate his flame,
Tho' with th' advantages of time and place,
So honest was his soul he never dream't
Of using to disgraceful ends those means,
Or of abusing those advantages,
Of which by fortune then he stood possess'd.
But now nights peaceful sable curtain fell,
And wrapt the world in silence and in shade,
When Frederick quite o'ercome with recent toil,
And recent grief sunk down in soft repose;
Close in the arms of sleep on the cold earth
(With Heav'n their canopy, till rosy morn
Had ting'd the eastern hills), the lovers lay.
But now by the soft warblers of the grove,
Whose matin song of harmony aloud
Re-echo'd thro' the forest, they awoke:
Arise my Fair! my lov'd Eliza, rise;

Young Frederick call'd, see where yon eastern sun
Now gilds the summits of yon lofty hills;
I've slept too long, too careless I have been
Of that fair charge, to me by fate consign'd;
Pardon this weakness, loveliest of thy sex,
Nor charge to my supineness disrespect;
No, by yon spacious Heavens! whose ample arch
Encompass this solitude unknown,
I never will nor can renounce my love;
There was a time, when thus together set
Beneath the covert of th' umbrageous shade,
I could have dwelt with rapture and delight
For hours, for years, nay ages on the theme,
But in our present hapless, hapless state,
T'would be most vile impertinence to urge
The ill tim'd subject: for our case requires,
That for our mutual preservation here,
We each exertion use that may conduce
To extricate us from this wild forlorn:
But ere on this excursion we proceed,
Let's pluck from yonder trees th' impending fruit,
That may supply subsistance on our way.
When thus Eliza to the youth return'd:
Most generous, my deliverer, and my love,
Whate'er I am or may hereafter be,
Whether remaining sorrow be my lot,
Or that returning happiness await
My future fortunes, still I will be thine:
But oh, my Father! yes, this aching heart

Will bleed, will break, alas! to think on thee,
And you, dear partner's of a parent's love,
Ye lovely sharers of a Mother's smiles,
You too with him have perish'd in the deep,
One wat'ry sepulchre entombs you all!
Inexorable fate! how couldst thou doom
A destiny so dire to one so pure,
So virtuous, that his every action seem'd
To correspond with the divine behests.
Thus wept Eliza, thus the youth replied:—
Forbear, my love, to torture thus your mind
With ills imaginary; Heav'n perchance
Who all beneficient, does all for good;
Who wanton sports not with a sinner's death,
Nor sees unmark'd, a single sparrow fall;
He with an arm all gracious may have sav'd
Your dearest kindred from the swallowing flood.
But come, my fair! suppress this bootless grief,
Let us proceed, there's dangers in delay,
I'll be your father, lover, guardian, all
That my poor circumstances can supply,
That diligence or friendship can bestow.
So said, he took the fair one by the arm,
And sadly pensive slowly on they walk'd,
Unconscious, unresolv'd, what course to take
Thro' unfrequented wilds and forests wide
Th' unmeasureable onward journey lay:
Now lofty mountains and impending rocks
Impede their course, and now the wand'ring streams

Of unknown rivers intercept their way;
Now this way and now that forlorn they range
The mountains rugged height, till night arrests
Their further progress; here again reclin'd,
Amidst the clifted rocks with anxious hearts
And watchful eyes, impatiently they wait
Returning morn, to guide their wilder'd steps,
At length aurora gilds the eastern sky,
When forward down the mountain's sloping side
Their steps they bend, till where a rising smoke
Proclaim'd inhabitants, an Indian hut;
Th' auspicious beacon soon our trav'llers gain;
Arriv'd they enter eagerly, enquire
The nearest passage to the nearest town,
The country's name, then beg the kindly host,
To grant them some small pittance of relief,
As tir'd with wand'ring and with famine spent,
Their wearied limbs no further could proceed
In their bewilder'd course, unless refresh'd
With timely nourishment; they briefly tell
Their late misfortunes, and the hapless cause
That led them to his hospitable door.
Pleas'd with an opportunity that give
Occasion to relieve a fellow's wants,
The courteous Indian led them to his hut,
And with milk and rice, luxurious treat!
Regal'd their famish'd appetites, whilst they,
All grateful for their entertainer's cheer,
Detail their narratives of former times;

And as the tears of sorrow damp'd the cheek
Of fair Eliza, oft the kindly host
Strove, by amusing conf'rence, to beguile
Their sorrows, and with an officious care
Propos'd to guide them thro' the dreary way,
Till they should reach the capital o'th' Isle
Of fair Jamaica; at whose gladd'ning name
The female blush'd, as tho' a ray of hope
Shot at that instant o'er her pensive soul.
Thus rested and refresh'd, they now resolve,
Attended by their hospitable guide,
To walk to Kingston, ere the setting sun.
They safe arrive, but ah! what tongue shall speak
Their glad suprise, when entering first the town,
Of all mankind the least expected here,
(At least by fair Eliza's boding heart),
The first they meet all pensive in his walk
Was old Palemon, her lost father dear?
Swift as an arrow from the hunter's bow,
Rush'd the fair damsel to her parent's arms:
Confounded, for absorb'd in stupid grief
His eyes now wander'd on the passing crowd,
Nor caught the lovers as they nearer drew;
Good Heaven, he cry'd, does then my daughter live!
Or is it but delusion of the mind,
That my sad gloomy fancy would suggest,
To soothe awhile my melancholy soul?
Yes, yes, 'tis she, she lives and I revive!
But say, my child! whence this deliverance comes?

And why thy once lov'd Frederick meets us here?
With delug'd eyes and fault'ring tongue, the fair
Thus answer'd:—'tis to that brave youth you owe,
Far, far beyond what you can ever pay,
Your daughter's life, to rescue which from death,
He nearly paid my ransom with his own.
Heav'n bless you both, replied the good old man,
I've long perceiv'd, young pair, the growing love,
The fond attachment that combin'd your hearts,
But till this moment ne'er before approv'd
The generous ardour that inspir'd your breasts;
But know, my children, now 'tis in my power,
Not only to consent to, but confirm
That union which shall consumate your love.
'Tis now about some twenty years ago,
My father's brother to this island came,
In circumstances far from indigent,
But as his soul was of that sordid kind
Which, tho' possess'd of much, desires still more;
He purchas'd here plantations, and in time
Had accumulated such heaps of wealth,
As might content e'en avarice itself;
But as in youth he left his native land,
In peevish dudgeon so he here remain'd,
Uncorresponding and unknown to all
His former friends; till ne'er twelve months ago,
When drawing near to that tremenduous end,
Which levels all, he left to me by will,
The whole of his estates, as first of kin;

This since his death has to old England been
Transmitted, but in our migration thence,
By varying chance we always miss'd of these receipts.
But still a copy of my uncle's will,
Rests with the governor, and as I have
Indentified myself, he makes no doubt
Of granting me what is by law my right;
Thus Heav'n you see has to our shaded eyes,
It seem'd averse to all our fairest hopes.
Yet in the end has blest us far beyond
What our most sanguine wishes could have sought.
And now young man, as proof of my esteem,
For all these marks of love and favours past,
First to my child, and lastly to myself,
Here take, receive her from her father's hand;
To thee she owes as much as to myself,
Oh! may you both be happy in your love!
And so you shall, if competence, combin'd
With a fond parent's wish, can make you so.
Thus in profusion spoke th' enraptur'd sire,
No other question made or answer gave,
But that which first and most his mind possest,
Till ended, when his daughter thus replied:—
Lives then my father, and in future life
More happiness to find than earlier youth
On him conferr'd, but say, fond parent, speak,
Lives yet my other friends? or did the storm,
With rage vindictive, swallow them in death.
Yes, yes, my child! they happily escap'd,

All pitying Heav'n has from the tempest's rage
Preserv'd us all, but more of this hereafter;
Let us adjourn to some adjacent inn,
'Tis past a doubt, fatigues like yours must need
Refreshment and repose: that done, so soon
As opportunity permits, we shall
Concert how best to settle our affairs,
And then prepare for our departure hence:
Not long in fair Jamaica's isle they staid,
Their business terminated with success;
The winds auspicious and a ship procur'd,
They all embark, and blest with favouring gales
Soon reach once more Britannia's glad'ning coast;
Young Frederick's father overjoy'd to see
His son return, whom long his aching heart
Had mourn'd as dead, now cheerfully consents
To grace the nuptials of the faithful pair.

A Pastoral.

WHEN fair Pomona decks the plain,
In summer's smiles array'd,
Whilst all the graces in her train
Are far around display'd;
The feather'd warblers with their train,
Sweet harmonize the shade;
Whilst joy inspires each raptur'd swain,
And love each rural maid;
Then from the scorching noontide heat,
I gently lead my love,
To some sequester'd cool retreat,
Midst yon embowering grove;
Whilst round the warbling choir so sweet,
From spray to spray shall rove,
I'll banquet in the woodbine seat,
In luxury of love;
Or to the hermit's moss grown cell,
I'll lead my charming fair:
To her my ardent passion tell,
To her my love declare:
With transport on the theme I'll dwell,
Nor feel one anxious care,

To melancholy bid farewell,
And banish foul despair.
What are the dignities that wait
On grandeur and renown,
Nay all the pageants of the great,
Or e'en the monarch's crown,
To him who blest in humble state,
Makes other joys his own;
Who seeks no happier change in fate,
Nor shrinks at fortune's frown,
Content and happy in my lot,
With Delia in my arms,
More than a throne I'd bless my cot,
More than a crown her charms.
Titles and wealth I envy not,
Nor start at war's alarms;
The heart that bears no guilty spot,
Fears no surrounding harms.
Peace in my mansion, and my board
Still crown'd with plenteous cheer;
Whate'er to-morrow may afford,
I neither know nor fear.
Each day with rising pleasures stor'd,
Shall fill the circling year,
Till happiness profusely pour'd,
Complete my portionn here:
Thus should my life unclouded prove,
One series of delight,
From joy to joy successive rove,
As fancy wing'd my flight;

Or on the plain or in the grove,
As passion should incite,
I'd gaily wanton with my love,
From morning until night.
At eve when o'er yon hills the sun
Shall gleam with quiv'ring ray,
Then we'll these cool retirements shun,
And homeward bend our way:
From this to that amusement run,
In boundless pleasures stray,
And end the day which love begun
In festive roundelay.

The Sapient Ass,

A FABLE.

IN what contempt that man appears,
Who still alarm'd by panic fears,
From each imagin'd mischief runs,
Oft times to meet that fate he shuns.
A thousand bugbears fright mankind,
A thousand chimeras damp the mind;
And man, tho' bold and fierce by nature,
Will oft times prove a tim'rous creature.
And when no real dangers nigh,
With ease can fancied ills supply;
Nay oft those very things alarm us,
Which better known perchance would charms us;
Judging too rashly at first sight,
If this be wrong or that be right,
We often obstinately err,
When self conceited to prefer
Our own opinions, 'gainst the voice
Of numbers, who from prudent choice
Of wise experience, have collected
That judgment, we like fools rejected;

Cautiously viewing either side,
Before the matter can be tried;
The statesman, 'midst the nation's jars,
When deeply sunk in debts and wars,
Rings loud his patriotic peal,
The people's rights, the nation's weal,
Th' occasion of the dudgeon shews,
The cause of all these war-bread woes;
Quakes at the simple intimation
Of fam'd armada or invasion:
He bids the nation shew their brav'ry,
Their hatred of all foreign slav'ry,
By arming in the public cause,
To guard the King, the church and laws;
That it becomes a free born land,
Like ours, to join with heart and hand,
Each base assailant to repel,
That fame in future times may tell,
What glorious heroes Britons were,
The sons of courage, freedom's care,
And that no warrior's far or wide,
Were ere like Englishmen beside;
Thus will he vaunt and thus allure 'em,
Firm in his interest to secure 'em:
When these poor souls, whom he will flatter,
May like know nothing of the matter,
Know not the causes which began,
Those mortal feuds 'twixt man and man;
Or if by accident he knew,
What tempting lures he had in view,

The hopes of honours, or the gains
Of plunder compensate his pains,
Promotion, grandeur, pow'r, dominion,
By turns engag'd his fool'd opinion;
Nay, pride a thousand charms will spread,
To govern his quixotive head;
When all the while the mad delusion,
Leads but to danger and confusion:
No conquer'd lands reward his toil,
Small is the portion of the spoil;
His honours fade before his eyes,
And hope to his opponent flies;
Fatigu'd and jaded in these wars,
Where all he won are honour's scars:
He home returns, and finds too late
A certain cause to curse his fate;
Perhaps with wounds and wants o'erspread,
Compell'd to beg his bitter bread,
His tale of hardships to relate,
Unpitied at the lordling's gate,
For whom he recent dangers brav'd,
Whose life perchance his courage sav'd:
Yet here no kind relief he knows,
Proud affluence but reviles his woes.
Poor simpleton! hadst thou been quiet,
And kept from all this strife and riot;
Nor listen'd to each flatt'ring sound,
That thou hast so deceitful found,
Thou might'st at home in health and ease,
Have ate thy humble bread and cheese;

The man, who, 'midst the storms of life,
Unmov'd can hear surrounding strife,
When loud commotions shake the state,
When distant foes, in hostile hate,
Shall threaten to invade his coast,
And with insulting menace boast:
This man I say, unmov'd may stand,
When revolutions shake the land,
When time, who proudest despots humbles,
Who topsy turvey all things tumbles;
Not that I wish, 'twould not become me,
Such ills should happen, far be't from me;
I ask no change in government,
With what it is I'm quite content;
They say 'tis good, so I receive it,
Who likes it not e'en let him leave it;
We'd better bear the ills we know,
Than fly to more uncertain woe;
Change does not always bring the best,
A truth experience has confest,
And better 'tis to have in hand,
One bird, than two on tree that stand;
To vindicate these quaint reflections,
Kind reader if you've no objections,
I'll try as well as I am able
To match my moral with a fable.
Once in a field of verdant grass,
A peasant loiter'd by his ass,
Who graz'd around beside his master,
Well pleas'd to find such luscious pasture;

But here they'd not been long in quiet,
When the harsh din of hostile riot,
Horrific, struck the master's ears,
When near at hand the foe appears;
Their shining lances, glitt'ring shields,
Refulgent sparkl'd o'er the fields:
The sight with terror struck the man,
When to the brute he thus began;
Come, dapple! we must quit this place,
For look where danger comes apace!
See! where with spear and pointed lance,
The threat'ning enemy advance!
Bestir and leave this fated spot,
Or else perchance we may be shot:
The ass unmov'd these orders heard
Without concern, nor one foot stirr'd,
Pleas'd with the meadow's savory charms,
He notic'd not the clash of arms,
But graz'd along the flow'ry borders,
Unmindful of his master's orders;
But now the band advancing near,
Impress the boor with double fear:
Again the restive beast he calls,
And by his ears and halter hauls,
Uses each method to intreat him,
Nay threatens with his staff to beat him,
If he'll not fly to save his bacon,
They'll surely both be pris'ners taken.
When thus the ass replied, my friend!
What think you now these foes intend?

That you're in this confounded hurry,
And threaten thus my sides to curry;
If they perchance should sieze me here,
What are the ills I have to fear?
Will these same foes inhuman pack
Two pair of panniers on my back;
Or, when they drive me on the road,
Oppress me with a double load.
No, quoth the man, I think not so,
You are an ass they needs must know,
And consequently will infer
You but an ass's load can bear:
Nay then the sapient ass replied,
If that's the case I'm satisfied;
I care not who's my master, marry!
Since I one burden only carry;
My back to labour you condemn,
I've nothing more to fear from them,
So master fly whene'er you please,
I am resolv'd to stay in ease.

The Messiah,

A SACRED ECLOGUE.

WIDE spreading o'er the purpl'd eastern sky,
See where yon crimson ensign waves on high;
Prepare, prepare! the ambrosial feast prepare,
With fragrant odours scent the ambient air,
For, lo, the God of Gods to earth descends,
Whose glory to the farthest orb extends.
But how, O nature! wilt thou bear the load,
Or meet the splendour of a coming God?
In vain I ask, but now yon parting sky,
Proclaims the grand celestial Saviour nigh.
Stand fast, ye steadfast pillars of the earth,
For since the early dawn of nature's birth,
Thy strong foundations never yet have bore,
Th' intolerable weight of God before.
But, hark! methinks far sweeter strains I hear,
Then ever sounded in the circling air,
Since first the world was made, or time began,
To sway the universe and conquer man;
The voice of harmony melts in my ears,
Dissolves my soul, disperses all my fears,

'Tis Gabriel's voice, full well I know the sound,
All mercy smiles with new-born grace around,
Let angels shout, rejoice thou earth and sea,
For lo, the God of Gods assume our clay:
Now see, in token of supernal grace,
The angry ensign shifting from its place!
Ten thousand milder glories now appear,
The voice of harmony wakes in each sphere,
Melodious thro' the wide expanse of light,
A gen'ral concert rings thro' heav'n's great height,
And all the burthen of the joyful choir,
Is never ceasing love: love strikes each lyre,
Astonish'd, angels view the wond'rous scene,
And long to know what all those wonders mean;
In vain they pry;—the boundless scheme, O man!
For thee was laid, e'er worlds or time began!
Or angels hymn'd to the eternal THREE,
The council sat, and mercy fix'd on thee!

Rosley Fair.

OF Isthmean and Olympian games,
Let ancient rheymers sing,
Their wrustlers and their boxers neames,
In noisy numbers sing;
Or Egypt when the annual Nile,
Its common bounds owr ran,
Sec auld far'd claver's not worth wheyle,
Fwoaks leyke o' us to scan,
I'th' prizzent day.

Twea thousand years are owr an' mair,
Sen a' this nonsense vanish'd,
An' to the de'il by christian care,
Their pagan pliskits banish'd;
Wheylst modern teymes by change refeyn'd,
For wisdom mair reputed,
For spworts t' oblivion lang conseyn'd,
Hev merrier instituted,
In latter days.

M.

For what avail'd their ramish routs,
Wi' Sampson leyke exertions,
Their broken nappers, seylan snouts,
Cud thar be ca'd devarshions?
Not Athens, tho' for sense renown'd,
Nor Thebes cud ere compare,
For pasteymes sec as may be found,
Each year at Rosley fair,
O'th' second day.

Here mirth and merchandice are mix'd,
There love with tumult rages,
Here fraud an' ignorance are fix'd,
And sense with craft engages;
Sly villainy hauds out her han',
Your pocket nuoks to reyfle,
An' clouds are rais'd o' stour an' san',
Eneugh auld Nick to steyfle,
O'th' hill this day.

See frae a' quarters east and west,
I' drwoves th' country coman,
Wheyle flocks o' naigs an' kye are press'd,
By flocks o' men an' woman;
Buss'd i' their best, the blythesome troop,
Bang forrat helter skelter,
Wheyle monny mang the mingl'd group,
O'th' geat war fit to swelter,
Wi' heat that day.

Here pedlars frae a' pairts repair,
Beath Yorkshire beytes and Scotch fwoak,
An' paddy's wi' their feyne lin' ware,
Tho' a' deseyn'd to botch fwoak;
Cheat 'at cheat can 's the common rule,
Fwoaks a' cheat yen anither,
For he 'at's nowther kneave or fuol,
Godseake what brought him hither,
To th' fair this day.

See mounted on an auld grey meare,
Led forth in pompous preyde,
Auld BAXTER fidlin' thro' the fair,
Wi' th' bealifs by his seyde:
This is as mickle as to say,
The treyst is fairly started,
Now you may up an' cheat away,
For nea man shall be thwarted,
'Ats here this day.

Now for a brek, 'od seake stan' clear,
Nor luok for future evils,
A' Bewcastle's broken lowse, see there,
They're ga'n leyke stark mad deevils;
Wi' whup and spur they rive away,
An' drive down a' befwore them,
An' heaps on heaps are whurl'd away,
Or leam'd, the vengeance rwoar them,
For brutes this day.

Here ample rows o' tents are stretch'd,
The gurse green common bigg'd on,
An' baggin reddy cuok'd is fetch'd,
Frae Peerith, Carle, an' Wigton;
Wi' rowth o' spirits, weynes, an' yell,
In bottles and in barrels,
That will ere neeght if reeght's my teale,
Ferment a power o' quarrels,
An' streyfe this day.

See Sawney wi' his auld din'd yad,
Just cum'd frae Ecclefechan,
Gallin the gimmer wi' a gad,
Tho' leyke a porpoise peighan;
He warrant's her soun' win' a' lim',
As onny o' the hill,
Tho' feint a yen wad creedit him,
That's owther seeght or skill,
A word that day.

Patrick o'Flagan wi' his cloth,
Comes on amang the rest,
And tells his dealers with an oath,
'Tis better than the best;
This yard which cost me half-a-crown,
For eighteen-pence I offer,
By Jasus man, I'm quite torn down,
Which forces me to proffer
So cheap to-day.

Here's Yorkshire impudence d'ye see,
  Advancin' for a brek,
Just as'in' threyce as much as he,
  Kens he'll consent to tek;
Here maister, buy a coit cloith here,
  Ye's have it chep beleive me,
'Tis of the foinest ool I swear,
  Mon think ye I'd deceive ye,
Not I this day.

Luok whar i'th' nuok o' yonder tent,
  Yon crew are slyly smugglin',
I warrant ye now thar gang are bent,
  To tek fwoak in by jugglin:
Some cut purse dow-for-noughts nea doubt,
  That deevilments hev skull in,
An' some 'at com weel leadin' out,
  May gang widout a shillin',
Off heame this day.

Whisht, what's yon noise amang yon crowd,
  Yon rantin' and huzzain',
Whar trumpets skirl an' drums beat loud,
  An' organs sweet are playin';
Here walk in gentlemen and see,
  Exclaims a hobthrust fellow,
The King and Royal family,
  Auld Nick and Punchenello
In style this day.

Here's Eagle, Ostrich, and Macaw,
Wi' the fam'd Horse o' Knowledge,
Who more sagacity can shew,
Than twenty fools from College;
A thousand tricks by cards he'll tell,
Each one esteem'd a wonder,
And all the pack he knows so well,
I never knew him blunder,
By night or day.

See the huge Elephant advance,
Of men he'd carry tharty,
A thousand leyke him sent to France,
Would crush proud Bonaparty.
Here's the fierce Tyger from Bengal,
Th' Oppossum from Savannah,
The Royal Lion and Jackall,
The Lynx and fierce Hyena,
Alive this day.

Do walk in gentlemen walk in,
The price is only threepence,
We're just a going to begin,
You two step in for fi'pence;
You ne'er have seen in all your days,
So fine a shew as this is,
Go where we will it gains the praise,
Of Gentleman and Misses
On every day.

Come Jwhon I think we'll shift our stan',
An' see what's yonder bawlin',
Winge lad its a quack doctor man,
His drugs and nostrums callin';
Here are the pills that cure all ills,
An' sleype off ev'ry evil,
The cramp, the stich, the [redacted], the [redacted],
Nay that wad kill the deevil,
If here to day.

See hurdum durdum, dust an' din,
Wi' shewman an' physician,
Yen'd think that they meeght Babel fin',
Class'd for a new edition;
The noise o' boxers an' o' bulls,
O' drums an' dibblers jinglin',
O' cauves an' carles wi' clatter'd skulls,
Are leyke confusion minglin'
Reeght loud this day.

But let us step into th' Camp House,
An' see their dancin' sprees,
There we may cruok our hams an' bouse
A wee bit at our ease;
There we our various cracks may ha'd,
On ilka thing 'at passes,
An' watch the water castin' lad,
O' some our bonny lasses,
Unseen this day.

Wi' merry lilts the fidler's chang,
The lads and lasses bicker,
The drink o' acid teasts sea strang,
'Twad mek an auld naig nicker;
Some sit an' rub their shins reeght sad,
Full sair wi' sindry knocks,
Ithers wi' kevlin' hev to go mad,
Sweat leyke as monny brocks,
I'th' room this day.

Here lan'leady some mair shwort ceaks,
An' meng us up thar glasses,
Fidlers screw up your strings for faiks,
We'll lilt up Sowerby lasses;
An hey for our town lads, stan' back,
An' let's hev room to rally,
We'll thump away till a' be black,
Weel fidg'd my sonsy Sally.
Thou's meyne this day.

Here a' seems happiness throughout,
Lang be your plizzers lastin',
The punch and cyder laves about,
An' few are here black fastin';
Ilk lad now hugs the lass he leykes,
Wheyle some hev hauf a dizzen,
Unless some wreen ill natur'd teykes,
'At car'nt if th' lasses wizzen,
At th' fair this day.

But we'll agean our matty shift,
An' stroll about together,
We'll not give ya pleace a' our gift,
An' ham nought for a nither;
A thousand farlies yet unseen,
We'll fin' at diff'rent pleaces,
I' scwores o' tents we hev'nt been,
Nor seen hauf th' bonny feaces,
Are here this day.

Let's tek a scwover thro' th' horse fair,
An' hear some coupar jargon,
We'll see them cheat an' lythe them lee,
Owr monny a gallows bargain,
For Bewcastle aye bears the bell,
For jobbers, scamps, and dealers,
And low be't spoken some fwoaks tell,
They erst hev been horse stealer's,
In there away.

Luok, leyke mad bulls they bang about,
Wi' shouts their thropples rivan,
Wheyle whup for smack the rabble rout,
Are yen owr tother drivan;
Perdition seems to mark their gaite,
Wi' rage and wilfu' murder,
Some seafer bit, we'll try to laite,
An' pauk on rather further,
Frae skaith this day.

Wheyte roun' the hill we'll tak a range,
An' view whatever passes,
The varying objects as they change,
Feyne wares and bonny lasses;
If e'er variety can please,
What pleace is there in nature,
Where't can be fund wi' greater ease,
Or where it can be greater,
Than here to-day.

Wi' monny mair see Meggy Houpe,
Wi' her bit sarkin' linen,
'At keep'd her feckly thro' th' how doup,
Wate weel reeght constant spinnin';
Thro' monny a lang cauld winter neeght,
I'th' nuok as she sat drillin'
Her pund leyne gairn an' now she's reeght,
If it bring forty shillin',
This Rosley day.

Here's baby laikins, rowth o' speyce,
On sta's an' ra's extended,
Wi' nibelties as guode as neyce,
In strange confusion blended;
Wi' bozlam wares, shoon scwores o' pairs,
An' whillimere's rare cheeses,
Clogs splinter new, bass bottom'd chairs,
An' lea stanes for new leases,
I' heaps this day.

See swingin' owr the foggy swaird,
Begrac'd wi' angel features,
Wi' bra's weel buskit rig'd and squar'd,
A wheen deleytefu' creatures;
But o' beware the fause feac'd fair,
That seek but your undoing,
Thar blythsome blenks are but t' ensnare,
An' tempt to certain ruiñ,
Puor gowks this day.

Ye heedless hauflins that mayhap
To fa' into their clutches,
Tent ye, or you may nurse a clap,
For a' their gaudy mutches;
An' sud ye aeblins be sea daft,
Ye'd luok but silly slouches,
Wi' not a plack o' kilter left,
But heame wi' empty pouchcs,
To slounge this day.

Hark, where th' inveytin' drum o' mars,
Athwart the fair loud rattles,
It minds me aye o' wounds an' scars,
O' bruolliments an' battles;
But sarjin Keyte wad fain persuade,
Its but the call of honour,
Where certain fortune shall be made,
By those who wait upon her,
Off han' this day.

I leyke the king, I leyke the state,
The kurk and contitution,
An' on their foes baith soon and late,
Wish downfa' an' confusion;
But may nea frien' o' mine by cheats,
Turn out that maizlin ninny,
To barter a' a Briton's reeghts,
For nonsense an' a guinea,
Wi' Keyte this day.

But here's a row worth a' the rest,
Come we'll attend this tuoly,
I faith we've fund a famous nest,
'At mek a battlin' bruoly,
Here crazy, lazy, blin', an' leame,
Engage for general trial,
An' heevy skeevy, fire an' flame,
They yoke in battle royal,
Pell mell this day.

A sodger wid a wooden leg,
A keyn'd o' snafflin' noddy,
Had beg'd a bure her neame was Meg,
A winsome weel far'd body;
A darky glaum'd her by the hips,
The sowdger band leyke thunder,
But still the blin' man held his grip,
As tho' he ne'er wad sunder,
Frae her that day.

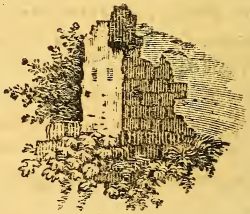
Then up ruose Cæsar in a wrath,
  An' sweyan owr his crutches,
Swear he wad lib the fidler's graith,
  If he com in his clutches;
But his inconstant marrow Meg,
  As for a bang he bummel'd,
Lows'd in a treyce his timmer leg,
  An' down the warrior tumel'd,
    Lang streek'd that day.

Now sprawlin' on the brade o's back,
  Wi' rage the vetran ranted,
An' roun' laid monny a loundrin' whack,
  But aye effect they wanted;
For as they keep'd ayond his reach,
  His bats fell fause not fairly,
Wheylst they kept batt'ring him en breach,
  Which vext the wight reeght sairly,
    Wate weel that day.

Roun' on his bum, his central hit,
  As on a pivot wheeling,
The hero whurl'd him wi' his fit,
  Fast roun' his duibs aye dealing;
At length owrwhelm'd wi' filth and sods,
  Frae thar ferocious tartars,
He sank beneath superior odds,
  An' grean'd aloud for quarters,
    An' leyfe this day.

N.

Now a' seems outrage owr the hill,
  Dread conflict an' confusion,
The watch word's blown, be kill'd or kill,
  The day's wark's near conclusion;
We'd best be fettlin' off wi' speed,
  Wheyle we've hale beanes for carrying,
For fear some hawbuck tek't i' his heade,
  To brake us weel for tarrying,
    Sea lang this day.



The Dissappointment.

GHOSTS oftentimes seem to have ta'en delight,
In torturing simple mortals from mere spite,
Or rather wantonness, a thing that's strange,
That fantoms incorporeal chuse to range
Like merry Andrews thro' the glade,
Half-ruin'd church, or darksome shade,
To strike poor sinner's with affright,
And never once in day-light shew their noses,
But when the moon's wan glimpse discloses
Objects half visible to view,
'Tis then these gentry chuse to shew
Their forms to human eyes, and to appear
O'er grave's new dug in church yard's drear,
Especially at twelve o'clock at night.

Consci'nce too sometimes has the power,
At this unhallowed solitary hour,
To raise by way of exibition,
Dread spectres to the wandring vision,
Which puts the human soul in such a flutter,

That she with expedition capers
O'er her past actions,
Thoughts and transactions,
Like some old scriv'ner o'er his papers,
And Ave Maria's strait begins to mutter.

It sometimes happens that a debauchee,
Or midnight punk,
With claret drunk,
Can from acuteness of sensation,
(Obtuseness rather should we say),
And dint of mere imagination,
Objects so mingle and display,
And images right plain pourtray,
That not another man alive could see.

Full many a bulrush tall, and nodding thistle,
Has been transform'd by fancy ever pliant,
By moonlight when the loud winds howling whistle,
Into a towering, fierce, and hideous giant;
And many a branchless tree and knotty post,
Has thus been metamorphos'd to a ghost;
Fellows I've seen exceeding bold,
Oppos'd to danger's that were real,
Whose blood has suddenly run cold,
At terrors perfectly ideal.
For fancy powerful works, by fear assisted,
And miracles can make from mod'rate things,
When futile reason from her throne is twisted,
T' admit the nonsense which from folly springs.

For verily with due submission,
Tim saw a most tremenduous apparition!
What was it then, come speak?—nay prithee guess,
Perhaps you'll blunder out what it might be—
I can't—then sir, 'twas neither more or less—
Than just the trunk of an old branchless tree.

The Mortuary Guinea,

AN EPIGRAM.

THRO' long disease, old Tom gave up the ghost,
Which fled immedite to the Stygian coast,
His son, SALATHIEL, now by happy fate,
Falls headlong heir into a good estate.
No sooner was poor Tom laid in his grave,
Then straight the parson comes his dues to crave!
I want the tribute, quoth the subtle sire,
A Guinea's all, at present, I require:
A Guinea! quoth Salathiel—what the duce,
Sure this is some new custom—damn the use,
We pay for coming into life—but I
Ne'er thought that we should pay when we do die.
Hush, quoth the reverend father in a pet,
I've something else, good friend to tell you yet,

The mortuary Guinea's all I crave,
You need not thus begin to rant and rave,
Besides it is a custom, quoth the priest,
When people die, they still pay this, at least.
O !—now I smell you, quoth the country boor,
You need not hint a sentence of it more,
'Tis *Purgatory Guinea*, I suppose !
And faith a fine excuse you have, God knows ;
But first perform your office, I desire,
And pray my father's spirit thro' the fire,
'Tis mete you should three days most fervent pray,
To help my father's tardy ghost away,
Or soon I can inform you, sacred sir,
You shall not have one single farthing here.
The priest was humm'd, and softly slunk away,
Nor durst another word about the guinea say !

A Choice.

PROPITIOUS Heav'n, hear my request,
Assign me what you shall think best;
Yet were I for myself to chuse,
The good occasion thus I'd use:—
I'd not desire great store of wealth,
But just enough, content and health;
Aloof from town my house should stand,
Upon a spacious plat of land,
It's situation near a hill,
Near on one side a murm'ring rill,
A tow'ring wood behind should rise,
It's lofty branches in the skies,
Here might I often sit recluse,
And sometimes court the sylvian muse;
In winter, when the furious North,
Hurls his bleak frigid tempest forth,
Safe from the storm I'd then retire,
And shelter at a good warm fire;
Books, pens, and paper, near at hand,
Good ale and porter at command,

My chimney with fat bacon stor'd,
Hot pies to smoak upon my board.
And if kind Heav'n would hear my voice,
I yet would have another choice:—
I too would have a frugal wife,
With whom to share my happy life,
Good natur'd still, and soon or late,
Resign'd to meet the will of fate;
If Heav'n would thus grant my request,
I'd think myself supremely bless'd,
I'd neither envy states nor kings,
Nor vainly gripe for wordly things.
But ah! one thing doth yet remain,
Which I, alas, can ne'er obtain;
Then let me learn to be content,
Nor strive to shun what Heav'n has sent.

A Lucubration.

ON yon orient hill the setting sun
Now feebly beams the faint remains of day,
Once more his course diurnal, Sol has run,
And sable night's calm entry we survey.
He sets when now fair Cynthia 'gins to rise
With milder ray, to chear the pensive shade,
Unnumber'd twinkling orbs bedeck yon skies,
And beauties infinite are round display'd.
Shine on, blest orbs! ye work of hands divide,
Long may your changes human joys renew;
For me, alas! unnotic'd still you shine,
Your glorious splendours I no more shall view;
Now far around night's sable veil extends,
And universal deepest silence reigns;
To sleep's soft touch the wearied peasant bends,
And freed from cares, repose her court maintains;
Save where the ever wakeful mind of woe
In silent, secret melancholy mourns;
Whose cares no interval of quiet know,
For whom no dawn of happiness returns:
Yes, 'tis a painful long and dreary night,
Since last the light with gladness cheer'd these eyes,
And sadly recogniz'd is each delight,
That printed in remembrance faintly lies;

O.

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You need not thus begin to rant and rave,
Besides it is a custom, quoth the priest,
When people die, they still pay this, at least.
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Since last the light with gladness cheer'd these eyes,
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That printed in remembrance faintly lies;

O.

Thrice happy days! ye scenes of youthful joy,
Which recollection now but more endear,
When every hour and moment could employ
The heart with raptures and the bosom cheer;
Ye cloud capt mountains and ye waving woods,
Ye verdant hills and dales once fair to view,
Ye varied landskips and ye foaming floods,
To you, alas, I bid a long adieu!
The song of gladness, and the jocund dance,
With pleasures emulous each to excel,
And beauties that could every heart entrance,
To you I bid an endless sad farewell!
No more your pleasings pleasure can impart,
Remember'd raptures bring no fresh delight,
Those charms no more can soothe the sadden'd heart,
Obscur'd in endless woe and endless night!
O could the powerful hand of fate restore
The joys of youth, with all its peaceful train,
Then human life were bliss, unwanting more,
And age would loose occasion to complain:
But Heaven all-wise, has differently decreed,
And thus has plann'd the sum of human bliss,
That pleasure might with mingl'd pains succeed
That to reflect upon, and look for this;
To teach us whilst life's devious course we tread,
How little real joy on earth is given,
T' inform the heart by virtuous dictates led,
To hope more perfect happiness in Heaven;
Cheer'd by that hope, with fortitude conjoin'd,
The way-worn soul bear's up against her woes,

Still to th' eventful hand of fate resign'd,
Assur'd at last of undisturb'd repose.
What tho' the far-extended gloom of night,
With all its train of fancied horrors rise,
What tho' no morning sun shall glad my sight,
Or scenes of festive mirth engage my eyes:
Yet still submissive to that wise decree,
Of him whose hand supports wide nature's frame,
I bend to him whose mercy thinks on me,
Confess his goodness and protection claim:
That when the transcient dream of life is o'er,
When all its cares and vanities are past,
I may be wafted to that peaceful shore,
Where joy unbounded shall for ever last.

A Prayer.

HAIL, mighty Father! God of all!
In whom the just rejoice;
To whom whole worlds obedient fall,
Hear, hear my suppliant voice?

Conduct me thro' this wilder'd path,
With thy all-guiding hand,
That I may learn to shun thy wrath,
And wait on thy command.

Let me be neither high nor low,
But in a medium state,
Least I too great thy rules forgo,
Or poor I curse my fate.

Make me contented with my lot,
Nor let my heart repine,
For be I great or be I not,
'Tis thy great will divine.

Great Heav'n still works but for the best,
Tho' men conceive the worst,
He who's content is truly blest,
If discontent, accurst.

If I am blind, need I to grieve,
'Twas Heav'n's all-wise decree,
Who could with ease my loss retrieve,
If that were mete for me.

Yet know the man that's truly just,
And in his soul sincere,
Who in his God confides his trust,
Needs no disaster fear.

When troubles compass him around,
And sorrows wide distend,
When no apparent help is found,
His God shall stand his friend.

Not all the storms that shake the pole,
Nor sweep the foaming main,
Can e'er disturb his halcyon soul,
Or force him to complain.

Then with unanimous accord,
Let all the earth combine,
To praise the mighty God, the Lord
Eternal and divine.

To God the Father and the Son,
And holy Spirit, Three in One,
Let all the earth their praises pour,
Not only now—but evermore.

On Hope.

SHOULD Phœbus sing rejected by the strain,
That lulls the mind with pleasure false and vain,
The syren HOPE, that in thy verse appears,
So far she captivates all eyes, all ears;
Shews in each charm the force of dang'rous skill,
Which gains by pleasure, surer pow'r to kill.
My faithful numbers own an honest aim,
I wish instruction, not aspire to fame;
Let truth th' important question then decide,
Let reason, council, and experience guide,
Like men, not poets, let us judge to know,
If HOPE to mortals is a friend or foe.
Fair are the scenes of bliss she sets in view,
But is that bliss still false, or is it true?
Lo! millions hasten at her magic call,
To grasp that joy she promises to all;
Fond expectation brightens at her sight,
And life feels every disappointment light.
But soon her objects shrink from our embrace,
And leave us wearied of an endless chase,
As children, who with tinsel'd trifles play,
Yet weep whene'er the tarnish'd toys decay,

So shadowy forms of bliss delude the mind,
They fly, the fond pursuer's left behind,
And HOPE, to Happiness, still courts us on,
Till we, too late, perceive ourselves undone.
Mark where the hero, thro' the crimson field,
The laurel seeks, her hand shall never yield,
To the sad exile on some desart shore,
She points that country he shall see no more;
Or to the slave, who sinks beneath his chain,
Shews him the freedom he shall ne'er regain.
She bids the statesman fortune's wheel ascend,
Till on a scaffold, all his projects end;
Thro' her the miser eyes the golden plumb,
But dies, before he gathers half the sum;
Oft friendship's pleasing habit she puts on,
But when misfortune comes, the phantom's gone!
E'en love's sweet form, the sorceress can assume,
A flow'r that promises eternal bloom,
But soon enjoyment makes that flow'r decay,
That dew exhaling in the noon-tide ray,
Or absence cool, or rigid bleak despair,
Dissolve the fleeting vision into air.
Thus HOPE, like CIRCE, boasts her tyrant thrall,
And deals th' intoxicating cup to all,
The wise alone, like great ULYSSES think,
Reject her offer, and forbear to drink;
Yet 'tis no wonder that we disagree,
Since HOPE, our eyes thro' different mediums see.

A Winter Piece.

NOW from the dreary regions of the north,
Bleak boreas musters forth his ruffian band,
From the dire magazine of wint'ry storms,
With the artillery of thicken'd hail,
The big-swoll'n tempest, and the chilling frost,
With all the vast vicissitudes of storm,
That blast the pleasures of the circling year,
The clouds in torrents pour their watery charge,
In showers impetuous, on the delug'd earth;
Lo, from the mountain's high impending brow,
With hideous roar, descends the vast cascade,
Low dashing in the deep worn vase below;
Where swiftly round the circling eddy foams,
Then hurries headlong to the neighbouring brook,
The furious river, now too much surcharg'd,
From confluence of auxiliary streams,
Rapidly rolling on, with rage unstaid,
By common mounds prescrib'd, the efforts weak,
Of weaker industry, whose feeble hands,
Heav'n never calculated to oppose
The preternat'ral inundation's sweep;

Human contrivance ineffectual proves;
And the big torrent bursts upon the plain;
Confusion stalks around, and wild dismay
Sits sad on every rustic's pallid face,
Bolden'd by fear, with mad alacrity,
Precipitate they seek to fly, to find
A safe asylum on the neighbouring hills;
Despair succeeds, and shrieks of general woe,
Whilst far and wide, with horrid conflict urg'd,
The tempest spreads with unremitting rage;
Swift, from the verdant vale, and flow'ry mead,
Are swept like common wreck, the flocks and herds,
Alike of peasants, and their wealthier lord;
Nor human skill, with human prowess join'd,
Can rescue from the ravages of fate,
The heaps of ruin as they float along.

Night with her sable mantle spreads the sky,
And universal horror wraps the scene,
Loud with impetuous gust the whirlwinds roar,
And the high-tow'ring pines and bending oaks,
Rent by the furious blasts forgo their hold,
And hugely fall tremendous on the ground:
Wide, thro' the gloomy vault of Heaven's high arch,
In dismal gleams, the livid lightnings flash,
Dire intervals of more refulgent horror;
Whilst loud above, the frightful thunders roll
In lengthening peals, that shake the firmset earth,

And damp with pale dismay the boldest hearts:
Whilst nature, with the dread convulsion shock'd
Of elemental strife, responsive quakes.
What voice was that, what melancholy shriek,
That pierc'd my ear above the midnight storm;
Fancy, thou shudd'rest; oh, I hear again,
Some midnight trav'ler wilder'd in his way,
With wearied steps exploring all around,
To gain the well known path left far behind;
Lur'd from his way by some small glimpse of light,
That faintly glimmer thro' the darksome waste:
Lost in the perfect gloom that now prevails,
Unable to regain th' abandon'd path;
Now helpless plunges in the tossing flood,
And sinks unknown, unaided in the deep.

Heave pity, heave the sympathetic sigh,
And if compassion ever touch'd thy heart,
Let fall the tear of sentimental grief,
And from the dismal picture you behold,
Seek to infer the shocking consequence;
Let fancy in thy gen'rous breast suppose
This midnight victim of the raging storm,
Returning from his task of usual toil;
Toil, that each day procur'd his daily bread,
With the hard earnings of his labouring hours;
Carefully posting to relieve the wants,
The numerous wants of a fond paramour,

And helpless infant progeny, for whom,
With cheerful face and hands inur'd to toil,
Successively he labour'd, nor repin'd
At the stern threat'nings of adversity;
But with a husband's and a father's care,
Still cheerfully avail'd him of his task,
And with avidity each offer seiz'd,
That offer'd kindly for their common good:
Where is his wife, the soother of his cares,
The sweet, fond partner of his every grief?
Like vanquish'd Sisera's wife, by Deborah sung,
She sits expecting till her lord comes home:
But vain alas, she waits her lord's return;
The object of her fond inquietude
No more returns to soothe her throbbing breast:
In vain she listens each successive sound,
In vain she calls him thro' the midnight storm;
No step responsive cheers her list'ning ear;
No kindly voice relieves her fearful heart;
But all distraction to her house she turns,
And there endeavours with her prattling brood,
To still the pensive boadings of her soul,
That throng upon her agitated mind,
And multiply the horrors of the night:
It proves abortive, unsuccessful all;
No reasoning, no philosophy can serve
To counteract the native calls of love;
That genuine voice of nature in the heart,
Which like an engine, wrought by nicest skill,

Plays on the passions with a master's hand;
The power of love all other force defies:
Grey bearded moralists, or sage divines,
Abetted by proud reason's arguments,
Can ne'er resist in human breasts the sway.
Misfortune, in perspective, when beheld
By moralizing men with slight contempt,
May then be view'd; but when on near approach,
Calamities thus jeer'd become our own,
We feel the solid weight, the real pang
That gives substantial reason for complaint;
'Tis then that philosophic reasoning yields,
To the unquestionable voice of nature,
And man, just what he is, a man appears.
So circumstanc'd within her little hut,
In all the agonies that rack the soul,
Sat our fair female; not one dawn of hope
Nor ray of reason can relieve her mind,
When every moment more alarms her fears.
The night in tedious sad expectant spent,
At length gives way to light, and with day's dawn
The storm subsides; she quits her humble shed,
And to the well known way her spouse oft us'd,
She hies impatient; there to learn from chance,
The dreaded tidings of her much fear'd love;
His wonted course across the river lay;
With hasty steps its margin she explores;
Then runs precipitate to where the bridge,
To trav'lers gave free passage o'er the stream:

But the high swollen brook's unusual force,
Had swept away the temporary path,
And left it pathless; this with grief she sees;
Doubt turn to demonstration; hopes no more
Support her sinking heart: aghast she flies
Along the rivulet's meandering verge;
Nor far she flies, for sorrowful to say,
Just where a turning eddy of the stream,
Incessant laves against the tufted clumps
Of falling alders, she her husband finds,
Breathless and cold upon the pebbl'd beach.
Just Heaven! she shrieks, then with convulsive grief,
Falls pale and lifeless on her husband's corpse.

Soft fall the curtain o'er this scene of woe,
Nor thou, O Muse, be too inquisitive,
But stop and shed that tributary tear,
Which virtue, link'd in nature, owes distress;
Nor fondly tracing on the doleful scene,
Impose such task of sentimental woe,
As would o'ercharge the sympathetic heart,
And pour in briny torrents from the eye;
It were too much; the kindly heart that heaves
One gentle sigh, or weep at other's woes,
Fills virtue's claim, and cancel's nature's bond.

Ah! little think you, you whom Heaven has plac'd,
Far plac'd above the reach of fortune's frown;
In the soft chambers of magnificence,

With all the luxuries of wealth and state,
Gay glittering titles, and the empty show
That stamps the fancied vain superior worth,
On man, whom nature ne'er superior doom'd;
Who rack invention for voluptuousness;
Who not content with nature's common gifts,
Seek more than nature yields to gratify
Desires, far more voracious than in brutes:
Whose pride, the produce of domestic thrift,
Contents not; but with still unsated wish
Vies with sovereignty, in pitch of pride:
Crowded by trains of fawning sycophants,
Who with base flattery would soothe the ear
Of him, who like th' ungrateful idol, hears
Their clamorous importunity unmov'd;
Wearied with waiting, in the long levee,
From day to day, to dance attendance vile,
On the perfidious courtly promiser;
Who in his promise, meant nor more nor less,
Than he that bows complaisant to the crowd.

Flatt'ry, thou least of human ornaments;
What passion prompts thee, or what needs thy aid;
Virtue can ne'er solicit thy applause,
Applauded from within; she must detest
Gross adulation: no—'tis vice that needs
Such weak supports as these, sooth'd by the blasts
That mean hypocrisy presents, as praise;
She courts it still, mistaking truth for falsehood:

Yes, here we grant your flattery is good;
Tho' we possess no virtues in ourselves,
It yet informs us what we ought to be.
Yes—'tis to you, you rich in power and ease,
To you I chaunt the pity prompting strain;
Nor let the dirge, attun'd in fell distress,
Be vainly sounded on your callous ears;
Kind providence in you has plac'd the means,
The principles of pity and redress.

When the thick tempest gathering from the north,
Spreads ample desolation in its course,
Hard pressing on the peasant's little hut;
Keen thro' each cranny blows the shivering gale,
Which with an unabated rage, assaults
This chearless tenement; whilst from within,
Unnumber'd woes press hard and thick upon him;
Here hunger, (most implacable of evils),
Stares in his face, whilst his habiliments
Grown mean and tatter'd from all frequent use,
Repel not half the fury of the storm,
Nay, all the dire concommitants that wait,
On starving indigence attack his cell.
Then think ye rich, by fortune kindly plac'd
Above the reach of such calamity;
You cannot, if you would, conceive the woes,
The numerous woes, that poverty attend;
Know then that you are Heaven's plac'd stewards here,
Nor in your office deal unworthily,

Nor by extortion nor embezzlement;
For know that you accountable shall stand,
To him who warrants your authority.
There was a time when kind benevolence
And generous hospitality in man,
Was deem'd a virtue, laudable as good;
When every heart with emulation strove,
Who should excel in charitable deeds;
Thrice happy days! when our illustrious sires,
Inspir'd by that benevolence which warm'd
Their patriotic souls to gen'ral love;
Tho' not illustrious as their future sons,
In gilded titles and the funds of wealth,
In these modern times throw lustre round.

Ere commerce had unfurl'd her vent'rous sail,
To tempt the fickle bosom of the sea;
Drawn by the magnet of luxurious pride,
From foreign regions and remotest climes,
New sources of profusion to collect;
Tho' nature kindly, with a lavish hand,
Had o'er our island, with exuberance pour'd
The choicest stores of necessary blessings:
Ere this, our happy ancestors maintain'd
That gen'rous character, that mark'd their lives
With native honour and romantic virtue.
Werter, the great, the gen'rous, and the good,
Amongst this list, stood high in eminence;
Sorrow in vain ne'er sought his ready aid;

Ere half he'd heard the lamentable tale,
His liberal hand was lifted to relieve;
Like prescient Heaven, t' anticipate
The heart's distress, before the tongue could speak,
His ear impartial each petition heard,
Nor would he suffer with impunity,
The lordly tyrants, that around him liv'd,
To trample on the liberty of those
Whom nature, or whom fortune made too weak,
T' oppose resistance to a despot's rage.

'Twas on a dreary, darksome winter's night
Of bleak December, when the chilling winds
Keen from the north, o'er Caledonia blow;
Thick fell the silent snow; no kindly star
Sheds its bright radiance, to illume the scene
Of gloomy horror that around prevail'd,
Save what reflected from the argent shower
That fell, and falling on the spreading trees,
Form'd lucid incrustations round their boughs:
On such a night with every circumstance
That here seems horrible, just as the bell
Of Werter's hall, the edict curfew rung;
A hasty knock was at the portal heard;
The gen'rous master of the mansion rose,
Nor idly saunt'ring for his servant's aid,
Hasten'd in person fo the palace gate;
But what must be his sorrow and surprise?
Instead of chearful visitants, when here,

With dire astonishment, he prostrate views
A female shape, extended on the ground:
Lifeless she seem'd, whilst o'er her stiff'ning corpse,
(In attitudes that spoke extremest woe),
A man that seem'd her husband stood, whilst by
Three youthful daughters, and an infant son,
Bewail'd in loud laments their mother's fate:
'Twas not a season to interrogate,
Nor ask the fatal causes that had led
These poor unhappy stranger's to his door;
The god-like soul of Werter was alarm'd—
Incited by that power that spurs the heart,
Swift to the sudden burst of human love,
He seiz'd the lifeless matron in his arms,
And with the fond assistance of her spouse,
In mingl'd sorrow, bore her to the hall,
Where with assiduous chaffing, cordials kind,
And other applications well applied,
They soon discover'd signs of perfect life,
Which gave new spirits to the drooping train.
She breathes, she speaks, but in so weak a style,
The feeble symptoms of revivisency,
As yet forbid their certainty of joy.
A deadly paleness sat upon her cheek,
Dull shone the native lustre of her eye,
The heart irregular and various, throbs,
And life hangs doubtful on her quivering lips;
How is my Ella, cried the good old man,
How is our mother, cried the children round:

Oh! I am sick, where am I? Oswald speak,
Are we yet in the cursed Albert's hands?
No, soft, my dear, return'd her kindly spouse,
Be not discomfited, no Albert's here;
Safe in a gen'rous doom, tho' yet unknown,
We find a sanctuary from his rage.

What Albert, said the hospitable lord,
Whose anxious mind had long been on the rack,
To know what cause so strange had brought
These hapless strangers to his door so late:
What tyrant, what inexorable wretch,
With more than hellish cruelty inspir'd,
Could with a ruffian's hand thus thurst you out,
Expos'd to all the bitterness of woe?
When Oswald thus, my lord, my generous lord,
For lordly generous have your actions prov'd,
And all your deeds the epithet assert:
This Albert curs'd, for whom my wife but now
Seem'd to possess that apprehensive dread,
Reigns mighty master of a vast domain
In this vicinity, not far remote,
A mighty baron of extended power,
Whose numerous vassals muster'd in the field,
Impress with terror his surrounding peers;
For him but late 'twas fatally my lot,
As custom is in military tenure,
To hold a little, but a fruitful farm.
Hither my Ellen and myself repair'd,

When first we pledg'd our matrimonial vows,
For erst, my lord, we had known better days,
But at that time our fortune rather chang'd,
And we submitted humbly to that fate,
Which all-wise Providence to us assign'd;
Nor murmur'd we at this our lowly lot,
But with a mutual cheerfulness beguil'd
The tedious hours of our industrious toil:
Here long we liv'd the happiest of the poor,
In calm repose unenvied, undisturb'd,
I in my Ellen blest, whilst mine the task
Was daily to improve my little farm,
And tend the flocks that fed the verdant plain.
But let me be concise, all gracious Heaven,
With four fair children crown'd our faithful loves,
Three blooming daughters and a darling son;
Our eldest in that period now of life,
When youthful beauties captivate the heart;
The crimson hue that glow'd upon her cheek,
The radiant lustre sparkling in her eye,
But more than all her native modesty,
Which shone transcendently o'er all her charms,
Made common beauty seem in her divine.
But ah! forgive a father's fondness here
In painting this fair picture of my child;
Here stands, my lord, the sweet original,
Virtuously innocent, and heavenly fair;
Her late the lustful Baron Albert mark'd
In meditated purpose to deceive,

To lure with flatt'ring and seducing wiles,
To prostitution and to infamy,
The darling virtuous daughter of my age:
Him I detected in his prospects vile,
Led by suspicion to inspect his ways,
His counterfeit punctillious which but serv'd
More to corroborate his guilty schemes;
Him I upbraided with his foul design,
Urg'd all his baseness; yes, my lord, I dar'd,
But dar'd him to my cost, what could I do?
I wept, expostulated, and complain'd,
In all the fury of parental love,
Had his pretensions been on honour built,
Or his designs consistent with his rank,
Still wisely mindful of that humble sphere
In which I liv'd, still with a father's care,
That care, each parent for his child should shew
Who wise in judgments, such disparities
Of title, rank, distinction, and of birth,
I would have check'd the fatal intercourse,
Conscious from common sense, it were in vain
From such connections disproportionate,
A happy issue ever to expect.—
My wife, kind partner of my every care,
Warn'd me to dread the cruel tyrant's rage.
Her arguments, supplied by sober reason,
Were more moderate than my resolves,
But little sooth'd my agitated mind:
She said as yet the tyrant's impious aims,

By Heaven's all gracious interposing hand.
Had been prevented, and our daughter's virtue,
As yet unsullied, stood without reproach;
That thus so criminal howe'er his purpose,
Now frustrated, we should every look pass o'er,
That bore the stern appearance of revenge,
And tho' however we with inward rage
Might burn vindictive, yet our outward face
Should wear the smile of sweet complacency,
And lowly condescension to our lord.
You know, says she, our little all depends
Upon the caprice of the tyrant's nod;
Then let us learn to manage well the point,
The point on which we critically stand;
You know, continued she, as yet there stands
Due to our lord, some large arrears of rent;
Which, being now unable to discharge,
'Twere better far to suffer this than worse.
Well she advis'd, but me advis'd in vain,
Whose soul ne'er stoop'd to brook approbrious wrongs,
Whom but the bare intention of offence
Could have provok'd into a mortal hate.
When sacred Heaven the human soul compos'd,
He fix'd in it two reigning principles,
The one the love of sweet society,
Inspir'd by which, our fortunes we bestow
To the defence and succour of our friends;
The other, and by far most prevalent,
Is call'd self love, which actuating power,

More than our fortune's, e'en our lives calls forth,
To risk in the protection of ourselves.
This insult offer'd to my bosom child
Extended virtually to myself;
I felt the sharpness with a father's rage,
Nor could determine to forgive a crime,
That threw a shade of infamy and guilt
Upon the lustre of our family,
In most invective railings, I complain'd
Of his unkindness and the base design,
He wickedly intended on her honour;
Like the ferocious panther, when depriv'd
Of the hard hunted prey, when just possest,
Raging with disappointment and the pangs
Of keenest hunger, so with eyes that spoke
A furious storm collecting in his soul,
The ireful baron frown'd at this rebuke,
And sternly left me to anticipate
The fatal operations of his power.
That self same night pursuant to his rage,
A band of his domestic menials came,
Who with a fierceness that bespoke their souls
More savage than unciviliz'd mankind,
Plunder'd my house of all its furniture,
Our cattle seiz'd, insulted me in terms
The most approbrious, as they dragg'd us forth
Expos'd to all the horrors of the night.
Led by that fair report which fame had spread,
Of your munificence, with weary steps,

We this way bent our sad, uncertain rout,
In hopes from you, my gen'rous lord, to find,
A safe protection from the despot's wrath;
Where, thanks to Heaven and your all liberal heart,
We have not fail'd in finding what we sought,
The gen'rous soul that warm'd by sympathy,
Feels soft affliction in another's woe,
Proves, evidently proves, its high descent,
And claims congeniality with Heaven.

The soul of Werter melted at the tale,
A tear of pity trickl'd down his cheek,
Nor could he speak what mercy made him feel.
And is it thus, said he, that men possess
In vain the blessings of all bounteous Heaven;
Thus, tyrant like, to lord it o'er their fellows,
To bend the feeble hands of indigence
With abject manacles, and gall the necks
Of those, perhaps, in nature their superiors?
Is it for this the rich enjoy their power,
But to impose new miseries on those
Whom fortune's hand has plung'd in deepest woe?
Ill fits the pigmy tyrants of the world
This arrogance, assum'd to imitate,
Like Heaven, omnipotence, above their equal.
I doubt it not, these blessings I enjoy
From Heaven, are but on those conditions giv'n,
That I relieve where e'er misfortune calls;
The weak, oppress'd, the mournful, and the poor:

All who have felt the stroke of fortune's lash,
The outcasts of the world, tho' not of Heaven,
With me my fortune shall participate.
Thus he the sentimental comment ceas'd,
Then led the chilly strangers to his hall,
With kindest entertainment there refresh'd,
And cheer'd their drooping melancholy spirits,
That sat depress'd beneath the load of woe,
Which ruffian tyranny had basely heap'd
On their unequal shoulders; here, secur'd
From the rude grasp of ill-us'd power, they find
A kind protection from the princely lord.
Ye sons of luxury, who, thro' life's voyage
Profusely wallow in voluptuousness;
Shake off the plumes of arrogance and pride;
These foul disparagements of human greatness,
Nor think that grandeur and misguided power,
Can stamp a value on the man they deck.
No man's intrinsic value is contain'd
Within himself, like to the precious ore,
Titles on man, like coin on money, may
Render him passable awhile with fools,
But worth alone is current with the wise.
And thou, fair nymph of heavenly origin,
Sweet charity, that o'er the human mind
Erst shed thy genial influence, but now
Discarded art, like things unfashionable;
From whence, alas, proceeds this rueful change,
From what beheld in thee, springs this contempt;

The world yet needs thee, thousands yet endure
The bitter blasts of keen adversity;
Thousands yet sink beneath the load of woe,
Who seek, but seek in vain thy wanted aid.
When, driven by the fierce assaulting blasts
Of wint'ry storm, the peasant seeks his shed,
Immur'd in pensive solitude and want,
He sits close prisoner, unable now
His common task of labour to pursue,
Whilst the tempestuous hurricane assails
His lowly hut, and the fast falling snows
Envelope round his dungeon of distress,
Whilst from within unnumber'd woes arise,
And stare him ghastly frightful in the face.
Their infant brood about their parents cling,
And, with incessant and heart-rending cries,
In vain petition to their sire for bread:
He hears their cry, unable to relieve,
Whilst from his eyes the genuine tears of woe,
Fast trickling down, bedew his blanched cheek;
His wife, the helpless partner in his want,
Sits by intranc'd in silent, stupid woe.
Oh! hideous scene, that man should ever feel,
Such complicated burdens of distress;
Awake, ye sons of dissipation, wake,
A moment spare from your festivity,
And view the mournful mansions of the poor.
Oh! poverty, thou worst of human ills,
Parent of pain, of famine, care and death,

How far extended is thy empire spread,
And yet one half of earth's inhabitants
Have known thee not, nor even felt thy scourge.
Oft hast thou, with implacable pursuit,
Hard press'd me, when I strain'd my every nerve,
If possible to shrink from thy foul clutch;
No place, however sacred or secure,
Could hide me from thy close-pursuing rage.
But thou, O Heaven, with all-protecting hand,
(From this vile enemy, this abject foe,
Whose wrath no parley ever could appease),
Shalt me defend, and tho' collected stand
In dread array, the complicated store
Of dire calamities and all the ills
That vex mankind, yet still upborn by thee
My soul in proud defiance shall exult,
And stand undaunted 'midst the blasts of woe.

The Setting Sun,

A SONNET.

ON yon uplifted mountain's brow,
Where faintly gleams the setting ray;
And darkness, thickening from below,
Proclaims the sad retreat of day.

Now from his wearied team, the swain
Hies homeward o'er the upland lawn;
The warbling songsters cease their strain,
Till the return of morning's dawn.

Her empire silence wide extends,
The song is ceas'd the dance is done:
Black night the changeful throne ascends,
And all the joys of day are gone.

Thus life, tho' a more long eventful day,
A few more setting suns shall pass away!

An Elegy.

HARK! where yon sadly, mournful passing bell,
Bursts on the gale with melancholy toll;
'Tis sorrow's voice, that deeply awful knell,
That summons hence the fair Celestia's soul.

Ah, she is gone! thou Muse of Sorrow weep;
Her loss with grateful sympathy deplore:
Heave pensive heart, ye eyes in torrents steep,
The good, the blest Celestia is no more.

Oh, cruel death! nor yet to her severe,
But to surviving relatives unkind;
Thy mandate she with fortitude could bear,
Thy shafts alone pierce those she left behind.

To her no share of poignant woe was given,
In being exiled from this drear abode;
She left this world to join her kindted Heaven,
With sister-angels and her parent God.

Kind Providence that sees and governs all,
Beheld her suff'rings, nor beheld in vain;
He summon'd: chearful she obey'd the call,
And left for endless bliss, a life of pain.

Pure was her life, and spotless was her mind,
Her heart unbiass'd. and her judgment clear;
To Heav'n alone her heart was still resign'd,
Her actions gen'rous and her words sincere.

The famish'd stranger and the child of want,
Her kind benevolence has oft reliev'd;
At pity's call the ready tear she'd grant,
At life's sad woes her tender bosom heav'd.

And thou, O Muse! with sympathetic heart,
Would sum her merits in imperfect lays;
In her benevolence thou had'st a part,
A part that claims thy pity and thy praise.

But soft—calm reason calls—forbear to mourn,
Nor dare divine Omniscience to offend;
Who gave, may sure exact a just return,
Still to the virtuous Heaven will be a friend.

As long as memory in me shall live,
Will I regret the sad and fatal day,
A tributary tear to her I'll give,
Ne'er shall her lovely image fade away!

Kind Heav'n no sooner bless'd me with a friend,
A real friend—inestimable store!
Than death, relentless, did his rage extend,
And with rude hands the bonds of friendship tore.

Occasional Reflections.

WHAT fragrant odours scent the gale,
Diffus'd from yon fair blushing rose;
What sweets the various flowers exhale,
What grand, what lively dies disclose.

How sweetly smiles th' autumnal year,
Whilst fruitage crowns the fertile lawn;
Serene the azure Heavens appear,
And warbling songsters hail the dawn.

Hush'd are the winds, save where the breeze
Refreshing fans the sober shade,
And murm'ring thro' the waxing trees,
With coolness cheers the sultry glade.

The charms of cheerfulness extend
O'er all creations ample plain;
Each grateful creature seems to lend
Concurrence to the thankful strain.

The pinion'd warblers of the grove,
That simply flutter on the spray,
Inspir'd by gratitude and love,
Pour forth in praise their warbling lay.

Pour forth in praise to him whose hand
  Doth universal love diffuse:
By instinct, prone to his command,
  Unconsciously his will they chuse.

Where'er we turn our wand'ring eyes,
  What objects e'er our thoughts employ,
Gay scenes of common gladness rise,
  Inspiring universal joy.

Save where dull man, in pensive mein,
  Insensible of all delight,
Sits wrapt in melancholy spleen,
  And turns disgusted from the sight.

Offended at the joyous shew,
  That only galls his envious eye,
He feels the burthen of his woe,
  And views these pleasures with a sigh.

Oh, happiness! thou common aim,
  Of all, pursu'd by all in vain,
Who shall thy scanty favours claim,
  What happy man thy friendship gain?

Content, they say, from mankind fled,
  Determin'd never to return;
To Heaven her upward flight she sped,
  And left poor hapless man to mourn.

O gracious Heaven! why could'st thou prove
  Thus partial in the general plan,
Why in beneficence and love,
  Produce so poor a thing as man?

Why give so many joys to please,
  Why favours vainly thus employ?
The means of pleasure, and of ease,
  And disallow him to enjoy.

Why teems the earth with shining mines?
  Or why the gorgeous glare of state?
To man in vain their lustre shines;
  On man in vain their splendours wait.

Does ancient Eden still remain?
  Desire with reason still dispute?
Doth man still covet yet in vain,
  To taste of the forbidden fruit?

Still in his heart, corroding care
  Sits Gorgon like, his joys to spoil,
No true content e'er settles there;
  Man's doom'd to mourn as well as toil.

Happy the simple and the gay,
  Who nought of sad reflection know;
Life's dreary voyage they sport away,
  Unknown to philosophic woe.

But, can philosophy e'er grieve ?
That with strong reasoning guards the soul ;
Whose hand shou'd soothe each sigh we heave,
Whose voice should every care controul.

Yes ! she with heavier loads oppress'd,
Than weak humanity can bear,
Serves but to harass more the breast,
Which sweet simplicity would cheer.

Unconscious of his greatness, man
Reign'd happy in primeval state ;
Till thirst of knowledge first began
These woes, he could but curse too late.

Too sensible, the mind turns weak,
Unequal to the load it bears ;
By selfish pride forbid to speak,
And tell the vulgar world it's cares.

Hard, hard, O Heaven, is such a state,
When keen affliction racks the breast ;
When shame forbids us to relate
The griefs with which the soul's opprest.

No secret friend, perchance is near,
No friend in whom we may confide ;
And tho' distress the heart may tear,
'Tis but the secret grief to hide.

What man's misfortune's, when disclos'd,
Meets more than public redicule:
Faith on a public faith repos'd,
Finds cause to deem itself a fool.

But if a friend well-prov'd we find,
Discretion bids us hold him dear:
In him our cares are all confin'd,
We prove and warrant him sincere.

What ease participation yields?
What joy communication lends?
THIS, from a sad despondence shields,
THAT, sweet persuasive comfort sends.

The soul disburthen'd of its load,
Now feels kind interval of rest,
Reliev'd from the heart piercing goad,
Soft gleams of pleasure thrill the breast.

Friendship the wond'rous change performs,
That power, that quells our every care;
That calms the tempests and the storms,
That else our bosoms oft ensnare.

Grant, gracious Heaven; grant me a friend,
'Tis all I wish, 'tis all I ask;
Let all his words and actions blend,
Nor wear dissimulation's mask.

What are the splendours of the proud,
What the gay pageants of the great?
When mingled in the numerous crowd,
How little then appears their state?

A competence, O gracious Heaven!
Is all I seek, nor covet more;
This, bounteous God, to me when given,
Makes me the happiest of the poor.

Content with plenty—this is bliss:
'Tis virtue gives content in view;
That happiness we may not miss,
Still virtue's path let us pursue.

Virtue gives happiness below,
Thro' her we every pleasure prove,
'Tis she protects from every woe,
'Tis virtue leads to Heaven above.

Tom Pendant.

THE winds blew hard, whilst o'er the sky,
Swift from the west the carry drove,
When mounted on the topmast high,
Tom Pendant sung his absent love:
Remember me, Eliza fair,
When tossing o'er the foaming sea,
When numb'd with horror and despair,
Eliza fair, remember me.

Think not, sweet maid, that time can quell
That flame so long my heart has known,
In other climes, tho' beauty dwell,
Yet pleasure lives with thee alone:
My soul still like the needle true,
For ever constant turns to thee,
Each danger braves, in hopes that you,
Eliza fair, remember me.

Thus sung the tar, the gathering gales
Rude o'er the surging ocean sweep,
The vessel drives with beating sails,
Laborious thro' the furrowing deep;

R.

Loud and more loud the whirlwinds rise,
In waves mountaineous rolls the sea,
Yet midst the storm Tom dauntless cries,
Eliza fair, remember me.

Loud peals of thunder rend the sky,
That fill with dread the melting soul,
Around the livid lightnings fly,
With hideous flash from pole to pole:
Yet midst calamity extreme,
Where certain ruin seem'd to be,
Tom constant tun'd his love-lorn theme,
Eliza fair, remember me.

At length a sadly fated rock,
Impedes the vessel's onward course,
She bounds, but soon repeats the shock,
And yields to such unequal force;
Swift thro' the wound the water springs,
Down, down she founders in the sea;
Yet e'en in death, Tom faithful sings,
Eliza fair, remember me.

Sonnet on Spring.

HOW smiles creation o'er the flow'ry plain,
Whilst Flora with her variegated train
Of vernal graces decorates the scene,
The blooming garden and the forest green.
Pleas'd with the change, the tenants of the grove,
Attune their songs of gratitude and love,
The flatter'd peasant o'er the prospect smiles,
And future hope his recent care beguiles;
Warm expectation glows in every face,
And nature shines with universal grace:
But stay vain man, too sanguine in thy views,
Let not appearance thy hopes abuse,
Enjoy those pleasures offer'd in the spring,
Nor wait for those which summer ne'er may bring.

Sonnet on Summer.

IN blooming beauties clad and smiles serene,
Fair Summer comes to deck the rural scene;
Beneath her footsteps flowers spontaneous rise,
And sweetest odours scent the ambient skies;
In brightest verdure drest, the thickening shade,
Now stands in sylvan elegance display'd,
Whilst on each bough the sweetly warbling throng
Attune to melody their joyous song.
Here Ceres and Pomona kindly bear
The golden treasures of the promis'd year;
Around observe those universal joys,
That flush each cheek that every heart employs;
One common cause inspires the cheerful lay,
'Tis Heaven and thus our gratitude we pay.

Sonnet on Autumn.

SEE where the ruddy nymph and eager swain
Their toils beneath the mid-day sun maintain,
Pleas'd with the prospect of the ripening fields;
That thus a kind reward to labour yields.
How waves the golden harvest with the breeze,
And clustering fruitage loads the bending trees.
In grown perfection see autumnia rise,
And fill with joy th' industrious peasant's eyes;
Such are thy generous gifts all bounteous Heaven!
To helpless man such kind assistance given.
Thus may the genial seeds of virtue sown
In human hearts when to perfection grown,
Produce that harvest of eternal joy,
Which time nor accident shall ne'er distroy.

R. S.

Sonnet on Winter.

NOW comes bleak Winter with his ruffian band
Of big swollen tempests, billowing in his rear,
To spread wide desolation o'er the land,
And spoil the beauties of the blooming year.
Swept o'er the plain the scatter'd foliage flies,
O'er oceans deep the mighty whirlwinds roar,
And waves on waves from the invaded skies,
Are tumbl'd headlong on the sounding shore.
So when the wintry hand of age shall bind,
Life's feeble channels and arrests the heart,
When storms of passion agitate the mind,
And chilling death invades each vital part;
What power to quell the tumult shall pretend
Till in eternal calms these conflicts end?

Virgil, Eclogue 7.

MELIBEUS, CORYDON, THYRSIS.

Melibeus.

BENEATH an oak that whisper'd with the wind,
Lay DAPHNIS, once in solitude reclin'd,
Whilst CORYDON and THYRSIS both repair,
To join their shaggy herds and fleecy care.
The lovely youths are both arcadian swains,
Both us'd alike to chaunt their sylvan strains.
Thither the father of my goat had stroll'd,
Whilst I secur'd my myrtles from the cold;
I saw the shepherd DAPHNIS in the shade,
He saw me too, and thus with transport said:—
O comely youth, haste, hither bend thy way,
Thy kids and goats are safe, lo, here they stay!
Sit down by me, and spend the mid-day hour,
Beneath the covert of this cooling bow'r,
There Mincius thro' the valley murm'ring glides,
The slender reeds adorn its winding sides,
Thither thy steers will come to taste the brook,
And bees fly humming round the sacred oak.
What could I do?—ALCIPPE was from home,
Nor PHILLIS to attend my lambs had come;

All business I postpon'd with dull delay,
To hear the shepherds sing their rustic lay;
They then began to chaunt alternate strains,
For so the muses had inspir'd the swains.

Corydon.

Bœotian nymphs inspire my raptur'd breast,
With strains like those which Codrus still possess'd,
Who next Apollo sang, or let my lute
Hang o'er the sacred pine, for ever mute.

Thyrsis.

Arcadian swains my brow with ivy bind,
Till Codrus' guts may be with envy twin'd,
Or if he praise, with bacear rub my brow,
To shield me from those ills which may ensue.

Corydon.

O Delia, Mican now thy shrine adorns,
With the boar's head and stag's wide spreading horns,
If this were mine, thy image should be made,
Of marble stone, with purple buskins clad.

Thyrsis.

O Priapus, thou guardian god, receive
This early gift of milk and cakes I give,
Thy image now is stone, but if my fold
Increase, e'er long it shall be made of gold.

Corydon.

O Galatæa, goddess most snblime,
White as the swan, sweet as the mountain thyme,
Strait as the poplar, as the bole erect,
Come charm my bosom, and my soul inspect,
Come when my flocks at night shall homeward stray,
And crown the midnight feast, and morn delay.

Thyrsis.

Let me appear as abject in thy eyes,
As wreck that on the rocks deserted lies,
Or meagre and deform'd as him who chews,
Sardinian herbs, his gaping chops to close;
Let this deformity afflict thy swain,
If thy departure shall not give me pain,
Hence from the fields deny the flocks of meat,
Your strait mouth'd master has no power to eat.

Corydon.

Ye mossy rills, and sleep, thou source of dreams,
Ye tow'ring trees that shade those limpid streams,
From summer's scorching heat my flock defend,
Already do the grapes their branches bend.

Thyrsis.

Fresh heaps of fuel on our fires are stow'd,
And spreading fires illuminate the wood,
We fear no more the storm which us involves,
Then streams their banks, or lambs are free'd by wolves.

Corydon.

The ripening chesnuts now the branches load,
And fruit and berries on the earth are strow'd,
Here lavish nature round profusely pours,
Upon the fertile earth her plenteous stores;
But if Alexis should forsake this plain,
Soon shall the scorching sun those channels drain.

Thyrsis.

The parched grass and corn in tufts are knit,
Nor can the wither'd vines their buds emit;
But if fair Phillis once more bless the plain,
Nature shall resume her wonted grace again.

Corydon.

Alcides near the poplar tree appears,
Whilst the yet greener bays Apollo wears:
Beneath the vine is jolly Bacchus laid,
Whilst Venus singles out the myrtle shade;
With hazle, Phillis doth her hair adorn,
Nor bays, nor myrtle wreaths by her are worn,
But if she chuse that common wreath to wear,
Nor bays, nor myrtles, shall with her's compare.

Thyrsis.

The lofty ash, most beautious of the plain,
Pines garden grace, and poplars by the main,

But if fair Lycidas will hear my prayer,
And oft to these deserted plains repair,
To him the lofty ash yield on the plain,
And garden pines and poplars by the main.

Melibeus.

Fresh in my mind these verses I retain,
When conquer'd THYRSIS did contend in vain,
Young CORYDON, I say, unvanquish'd reigns,
Without a rival, Glory of those Plains.

An Epigram.

ONCE on a time from Britain sent,
To Berlin's court an envoy went,
Before great Frederick's throne to bring
Dispatches from his sov'reign King:
His business done, the Prussian Sire,
For gen'ral news 'gan to enquire;
Ask'd him how things were going on,
With dull Mynheer or pompous Don,
With each new victory, or mischance,
And how went on the war with France?
When thus the envoy to the prince
Replied, dread Sovereign! not long since,
By God's assistance well sustain'd,
A signal vict'ry we obtain'd
O'er France, that most imperious foe,
Which looks like a decissive blow.
What! cried the Prince with feign'd surprise,
Is Heaven's great King 'mong your allies?
Yes, Sire, the Englishman return'd,
Whose breast with keen resentment burn'd,
He is! the only staunch ally,
To whom we pay no subsidy.

The Story of Cadmus,

FROM THE THIRD BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

ARGUMENT.

JUPITER, who in the form of a white bull, carried through the Sea, on his back, EUROPA, the daughter of AGENOR, King of *Phœnicia*, into *Crete*.

WHEN now the King had lost his darling child,
He call'd his son, in raving frenzy wild,
And bid him to his arms restore the fair,
Or never more dare breathe Phœnician air,
But live an exile in a clime unknown;
Thus, was the father, cruel to his son.
The royal CADMUS trac'd the world around,
But how can JOVE in his intrigues be found?
Now tir'd at length, his searches he with-held,
From country banish'd and from friend's expell'd.
He straight a suppliant goes to Delphi's shrine,
To see what fate might hence for him assign;
The Delphic god returns him this reply,
To stay his wand'rings, and his wants supply:—
Behold! amidst the fields, a milk-white cow,
Unworn with yokes, unbroken to the plow!

Mark well, where first she lies her on the earth,
And to a new found city, there give birth;
So from thy guide, Boecetia call the land,
Where, here secure thy distant walls shall stand.
Scarce had he left the dark and gloomy cell,
Whilst in his breast the glad presages swell,
Than in the fields the fatal cow he spy'd,
Grazing at large, unknown without a guide;
He at a distance keeps her in his view,
Whilst to the god his prayers he doth renew,
Her way thro' flow'ry Panupe she took,
And now Cephisus, stems thy silver brook,
Where raising to the east her silver head,
She bellow'd loud, then back began to tread,
When gazing on her fellow herds behind,
She on the tender grass herself reclin'd.
Cadmus salutes the soil, and gladly hails,
The new-found mountains, and the nameless vales;
Then sends his servants to the neighbouring grove,
For waters clear to sacrifice to Jove.
Wide o'er the mountain's brow, in order stood,
A lonely, spreading, solitary wood,
And in the midst there stood a cave unknown,
Perplex'd with brambles, and with shrubs o'ergrown;
Here in the dreary cavern stood obscure,
A vault with rugged stones arch'd o'er secure,
Deep in the dark recess and hid from day,
Sacred to Mars, a dreadful dragon lay,
Around his neck a golden collar plac'd,
Whilst a huge crest his lofty forehead grac'd,

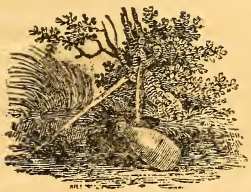
With poison fraught, of a stupendous size,
Like livid light'nings glanc'd his fiery eyes;
Three tongues he brandish'd when he charg'd his foes,
His teeth stood jagging in three dreadful rows.
The Tyrians now attain the fatal place,
Led to their doom by a too speedy pace.
With empty urns they search the vault around,
From side to side, their empty urns rebound;
The slumb'ring dragon roused with the noise,
His venom'd armour now began to poise,
Exasperated from his den he flies,
And with tremenduous hissings fills the skies.
The Tyrians struck with terror at the sight,
Drop their void urns, and seek in vain for flight.
Wreath above wreath, aloft in air he rears,
And o'er the wood in dreadful form appears;
He now unwreaths, 'tis dreadful to behold,
Then springs upon them in a horrid fold:
In vain the Tyrians on their arms rely,
In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly;
Some by his venom'd teeth receive their death,
Others are stifled by his pois'nous breath.
But now the sun in his meridian height,
Shot round the world his scorching beams of light,
When royal CADMUS wond'ring at the stay,
Of his departed friends, who long delay,
Uneasy grown, with anxious discontent,
He seeks the way his dear companions went.

A lion's skin he round his shoulders wore,
The well pois'd jav'lin to the field he bore,
The trusty lance unus'd to ravines foul,
But yet, still best of all, a noble soul!
Soon as the Prince approach'd the fatal wood,
He saw his servants welt'ring in their blood;
The scaly fiend, amidst their corpse he sees,
Licking their tender wounds, and stretch'd at ease;
My trusty friends the godlike hero cry'd,
What pity 'tis, that you so basely dy'd!
But I'll revenge thus your unhappy fate,
On your curs'd foe, but ha, my friends, too late;
He said, and from the ground a millstone drew,
Which like a whirlwind at the fiend he threw!
A tower assaulted by so rude a stroke,
With all its lofty battlements had shook!
With no effect the massive weight is found,
On his close scales, impervious to a wound;
The pointed jav'lin, more successful flew,
Which like a lightning the vex'd hero threw,
Amidst his scales the sharpen'd steel he sent,
Which in his pervious guts it's fury spent;
The monster raging with the piercing pain,
Wreaths to and fro, and bites the shaft in vain,
His rage and pains now equally advance,
Whilst from his eyes the livid lightnings glance:
Churn'd in his teeth, he holds the venom'd gore,
Whilst from his nostrils pois'nous vapours pour,
Such as ne'er the stygian waters found,
The tender shrubs are tainted all around.

Now in a maze of curls he lies enroll'd,
Now all unravel'd, and without a fold,
Now poising forward like a rapid flood,
Bear down in his rude course, the tow'ring wood.
CADMUS, upon the lion's skin doth meet
His heavy charge, then makes him to retreat,
The royal hero with his spear doth ward,
The raging foe as little doth regard;
The spear he bites, the pointed sword he chews,
Till from his throat the bloody poison flows,
But yet for all his vigour scarce is worse,
For when the victor with redoubl'd force
Strikes home the dart, his yet still vig'rous foe,
Shrinks from the stroke, and disappoints the blow;
The dauntless hero yet the stroke repeats,
Then backward to a spreading oak retreats,
The foe he here retards in his career,
And plunges in his throat the fatal spear,
Which in his gaping throat a way receives,
The yielding bone an ample passage gives;
Fix'd to the sturdy oak, whilst with his tail,
The knotty boughs with force he doth assail;
When tir'd at length, and wearied with his toils,
He gapes for death, then wreaths in various coils.
CADMUS beholds the foe with raptur'd eyes,
Whilst lashing in his pois'nous gore he lies;
When suddenly from high a voice was heard,
(The sound distinct, and yet no form appear'd),

" Why dost thou thus, with secret joy behold,
" A state, which shall, ere long thyself enfold ?"
Seiz'd with a trembling at the awful sound,
He stands aghast, and gazes all around ;
When lo, MINERVA, from the clouds descends,
The goddess who the wise and bold defends,
Then bids him round the teaming mountain plow,
The serpents teeth in the new furrows sow :
Then tells the youth, before his wond'ring eyes,
A warlike harvest, from the earth shall rise !
At her command the serpent's teeth he sows,
And from his hand the future people throws,
The animated clods to life advance,
And now appears the spear and glitt'ring lance,
Now nodding plumes, and crests begins to rear,
And now the shoulders and the breasts appear,
O'er all the field, a living harvest swarms,
A warlike crop of men and glitt'ring arms.
So thro' the parting stage a figure rears
It's body up, and limb by limb appears,
By slow degrees, at length the man ascends,
Upon the stage, and all his length extends.
The Prince astonish'd at the hostile shew,
Prepares for war, and stands to meet the foe,
When one cry'd out, " Forbear, fond man, to fight,
" Nor in a blind, promiscuous war unite :"—
So said, he strikes his brother to the heart,
Himself expiring by another dart ;
Nor did the third long ward the stroke of death,
Dying, ere scarce he drew his infant breath.

The sad example spreads o'er all the plain,
Till heaps of brothers are by brothers slain,
The furrows swam in blood, and only five
The direful conflict of the wars survive;
Achion one, urg'd by Minerva's call,
The guiltless weapon from his hand let fall,
And with the rest a peaceful treaty makes,
Whom Cadmus as his friends and partners takes,
So founds a city on the promis'd soil,
And builds Boeœtia to conclude his toil.



Anacreon, Ode 11,

ON HIMSELF.

OFT with wanton smiles and jeers,
Women tell me I'm in years,
In the mirror, when I view,
Find, alas! they tell me true:—
Find my wrinkl'd forehead bare,
And regret my falling hair,
White, and few, alas! I find,
All that time has left behind.
But my hairs, if thus they fall,
I've but few or none at all,
Asking not I'll never share,
Fruitless knowledge, fruitless care;
This important truth I know,
If indeed in years I grow,
I must snatch what life can give,
Not to love is not to live.

Anacreon, Ode 46.

'TIS hard from love to spare the heart,
'Tis pain to feel his wounding dart,
But greater still, the loss, the pain,
To love, alas! and love in vain.
Wit, wisdom, birth, and beauty fade,
The beams of dazling gold display'd,
Curs'd be the wretch, the first who sold
His birth-right liberty, for gold.
Gold, that can murd'ring hands employ,
And brothers, fathers, sons, destroy;
Gold unresisted rules the ball,
By gold whole hosts, whole nations fall,
Yet more my sighs with grief reveal,
That love the force of gold can feel.

A Sonnet,

On the Death of a favourite Linnet.

ADIEU, sweet warbler! whose harmonious strain
Has often cheer'd the solitary hour,
When sad reflections o'er the heart obtain,
Life to embitter and its joys to sour;
Like me unconscious of impending woe,
Unfearful of the ills that life await,
Thy song of cheerfulness alone could shew
Thy happy ignorance of changeful fate,
That happy innocence which sway thy heart,
Kept far aloof each motive of distress:
Untaught to fear fate's unevasive dart,
Thy native joy no dangers could suppress.
Thus live the innocent, their hours thus past,
Thro' life still gay and fearless to the last.

The Vision:

FROM THE

FOURTH CHAPTER OF JOB.

'TWAS at the dark and silent midnight hour,
When drowsy slumbers captivate each pow'r,
When visions, form'd by fancy, shapeless rise,
And meagre phantoms strike the wond'ring eyes,
When lo, a voice, shrill sounding, pierc'd my ear,
The solemn accents still methinks I hear;
Tremenduous rose, before my wond'ring sight,
An awful spectre of stupenduous height!
Sullen it mov'd, and stalk'd my chamber round,
Then on my face the phantom sternly frown'd;
My hair stood up. deep sunk my frighted heart,
The sweat bedew'd my limbs o'er every part;
At length the spectre, with an awful sound,
Deep silence broke—and with a voice profound,
My ears assail'd, then cry'd, O daring man!
Forbear, thus thy Creator's ways to scan.
What art thou, mortal man? thou breathing clod,
Thou daring rival of thy author God;

Is this vile lump of animated earth,
Pure as the Godhead who bestow'd it birth?
What are the gifts that Heaven on man bestows,
That he usurps what Heaven not him allows?
The host of cherubs that attend his throne,
And issue his commands to worlds unknown,
Not of themselves perform the great command,
But own their guidance to his powerful hand!
Shall then presumptious man so just be found,
To guide the pow'r who rais'd him from the ground,
Who shall again sink to the mould'ring tomb.
And grov'ling reptiles all his pride consume.

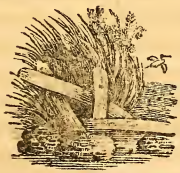
A Soliloquy on Life.

WHAT are the pleasures life can represent,
That our pursuits are thus so anxious bent?
Life's but an emblem of a winter's day,
This moment here, the next, far, far away!
A wilder'd maze, confin'd, yet infinite,
Which neither yields enjoyment or delight.
Our life is but a universal stage,
Mankind unanimous their parts engage;
Time shifts and prompts the scenes of tragedy,
Death ends the drama in eternity!
Yet various are the parts men undertake,
A quick dispatch in this dull work to make,
The Miser studious to augment his store,
He starves himself, his servants do no more,
Who could expect that he, who would deny
His own, would other peoples wants supply?
Like TANTALUS, he still in plenty starves,
And punishes himself as he deserves:
What happiness from life can we receive,
When we deny ourselves what it would give?
The Spendthrift next employs the shifting theme,
As far contrary, to the last extreme,
He lavishes profusely round his store,
And thinks his present joy will ne'er be o'er.

T.

But, ah, alas! how fatal is the scene,
When pinching Poverty aghast steps in!
Extravagance is now exchang'd for nought,
He's wise too late, his wisdom's dearly bought;
The miser starves in wealth, he starves in want,
He would enjoy what t'other will not grant.
Ye youthful prodigals your ears incline,
To prudent council, moral, not divine,
Be neither parsimonious, or profuse,
But still the middle way let prudence chuse.
See! where the frantic Monk invokes his saints
To pardon all his sins with false complaints,
With superfluous pray'r he counts his beads,
And says, where one might serve, an hundred creeds:
In supererogation, too, he brags,
And proudly flutters, tho' equipt in rags!
And opposite to him, O muse survey,
The dwindling prostitute in his decay!
Nor pray'r, remorse, or penitence e'er curb'd
His lewd enjoyments, or his lusts disturb'd,
Or if they did, he slip'd them smoothly by,
And said, when he'd more leisure, they might cry.
The Bigot thus—and thus the Debauchee,
Hold each thus to his own absurdity.
See where the Hero in the crimson field,
Seeks honours, fame or fortune ne'er shall yield,
Urg'd on by thirst of conquest, still he strives,
To reach that fame at which he ne'er arrives:
Infatuated mortal thus to think,
That glory stands but on destruction's brink;

Let not misguided hopes allure thy eyes,
Act well thy part there all thy honour lies;
Confirm a peace with God and all mankind,
And gain the recompence for that assign'd.
Then view the hermit in his moss-grown cell,
Where peace, content, and virtue ever dwell:
To no ambitious aims his views aspire,
To live contended is his sole desire;
He scorns the dire emotions of the field,
Nor would for honour bear the pond'rous shield;
His God and Heav'n employ his constant care,
He only hopes for real glory there.
Then why should man with anxious toils employ,
Their minds on what they never can enjoy?
Life is a bauble, fleeting as the wind,
A state of probity for all assign'd.
Then let us learn to husband well our span,
For 'tis the work that magnifies the man.



Epithalamium.

HAIL! HYMEN, thou propitious god of joy,
Come, now, thy genial influence employ,
Perfume with odours thy hymenial grove,
To bless this happy pair with endles love.
No perjur'd oaths are here, no impious pray'r,
The transcient hopes of fortune's gifts to share,
But here two faithful hearts impartial join'd,
To make a happy pair in one combin'd;
When closely link'd in matrimonial bands,
Th' auspicious god the mutual pair commands,
Sincerity the pow'r their motto names,
And love's records the blest proceeding claims.

A Soliloquy on Death:

INSCRIBED TO A LADY.

HAIL, lovely fair! for whom the pensive bard,
In mournful elegy attempts to sing,
Whose grief not reason's power can e'er retard,
Nor stem the source from whence those sorrows spring.

But say, my soul, is this humanely done,
Thus to encourage sorrow? no, 'tis wrong;
Such dire vindictive maxims should I shun,
And turn to reason's calmer strains my song.

Death is a tribute all things owe to fate,
Men at their births the fatal debt engage,
The penalty we pay or soon or late,
Since nought death's stern demand can e'er asswage.

The monarch like the subject is o'ercome,
At Death's unerring blow they mutual fall,
They rest congenial in the dreary tomb,
There both alike participate in all.

They who in life, in jarring enmity,
Employ'd their brooding minds with busy care,
Now in the grave with social union lie,
No more to mix with friends a civil war.

This is the common rendezvous for all,
  Here all life's traveller's direct their way,
In slumbers here they wait th' eternall call,
  To rouse them into never-setting day.

The rich, the poor, the coward and the brave,
  The starving beggar and the vaunting beau,
Here in the rueful regions of the grave,
  Alike one common entertainment know.

The haughty lord, in indolence supine,
  Who long had gorg'd his paunch with dainty fare,
Is now compell'd his banquets to resign,
  And yield to gnawing worms an equal share.

The vain coquet, who long with busy care,
  At toilet oft employ'd her leisure hours,
Who strove, in spite of fate, to look more fair,
  Her beauty now the groveling worm devours!

Ye dames of Britain, who with gaudy pride,
  Your sole devotion in yourselves employ,
Lay all those transitory joys aside,
  Since death will soon those fleeting charms destroy.

Beauty is but the blossom of our youth,
  When age appears the alluring picture flies,
Then chuse the mental beauty, heav'n-ey'd truth,
  With smiling innocence that never dies.

See, where the philosophic sage with pride,
Investigates new systems infinite,
Nor heav'n nor hell are from his fancy hid,
Till death—relentless death here ends his flight.

Tremendous apprehensions! how I shrink!
When thus eternity's dark scenes I scan,
On death, on heav'n, on hell—on all to think!
The thought is God's, too weighty far for man.

How swift we sweep thro' this our fleeting course,
Life's passage, ah! how short—dread death how nigh!
And yet we seem the passage to enforce,
As tho' we were afraid we ne'er should die.

Mankind is still complaining life is short,
And yet accelerate their journey hence!
Maturity they seek, old age they court,
When age attain'd they're wishing to be thence.

Oh! that mankind would practise well their time,
Exert the present moment they enjoy,
To rear the mind to sentiments sublime,
Nor thus a life in vanity employ.

Time unperceiv'd moves on with swiftest pace,
Yet seems to move decripid with his age,
Behind him death appears with haggard face,
Stern hypocrite, obscur'd in friendly rage.

A general ravager, a wordly thief,
To swallow up whole thousands at a meal,
Inflexible to weakness or to grief,
Will nought to move thy stubborn arm prevail.

Thy storehouse is the grave, there, there appears,
Th' inglorious conquest thou thro' time has made!
The whole production of six thousand years,
Is now by thee in dark oblivion laid.

Yet know, thy pow'r and empire here must end,
When CHRIST shall come to judge this nether ball,
With sounding trump, shall Heav'n's high concave rend,
And from their beds dull slumb'ring mortals call.

Then shall they spurn thy bonds, and swiftly fly,
Exulting thro' the bright etherial way,
To hail their Saviour in a happier sky,
And live with him in never setting day!

Horace, Ode 3, Book 3.

ARGUMENT.

AUGUSTUS had a design to rebuild Troy, and make it the metropolis of the Roman Empire: having closeted several Senators on the project.—HORACE is supposed to have written the followidg Ode on this occasion.

THE man of honest life, firm to his trust,
Devoid of ill, benevolent and just,
May the rude threats of rable foes disdain,
Their bawling clamours and their threats are vain;
The tyrant's frowning looks he doth depise,
And the stern brow and harshest voice defies,
And with superior greatness rolls his eyes;
Not the rude tempest whose vast surge deforms,
The Adriatic gulph and vexes it with storms,
The stubborn virtues of his soul can move,
Nor the red arm of threat'ning angry JOVE,
Who from the sky the forky light'nings dart,
Who rage and fury equally impart.

Should one confusion seize on all the world,
In a void chaos heav'n and earth be hurl'd,
He unconcern'd would hear the thunders roll,
And unapal'd would gaze at nature's fall.
Such were the godlike arts that led the bright,
The noble POLLUX to the realms of light,
Such did the great ALCIDES plead the case,
And gain'd him in the ranks of god a place.
AUGUSTUS now mix'd in the heav'nly roll,
Quaffs with the gods the sacred nectar bowl,
His ruddy lips with hallow'd tincture shine,
And with immortal strains they glow divine,
By arts like these, did young LYACUS rise,
His grisly tygers drew him to the skies,
Wild from the desert, whence they ne'er had roam'd,
In vain their eye-balls roll'd, in vain they foam'd,
Their savage nature to the lash he broke,
And tam'd the hideous monster's to the yoke.
Such were the ways that Rome's great founder sought,
Who in a whirlwind up to heav'n was caught,
His mortal body from him straight he tost,
And in a god the glorious monarch lost,
'Twas then bright JUNO awful silence broke,
And thus th' assembl'd deities bespoke,
Troy, said the goddess, with an awful sound,
The dire effects of tyrant's guilt has found,
The tow'ring piles, the soft and calm abodes,
Whose walls were founded by the servile gods,

In wilder'd ruin now dejected spreads,
The lofty battlements bow down their heads,
An empire, cruel, partial and unjust,
And a lascivious woman's impious lust;
Now o'er her head, heav'n's judgments all impend,
And in the mould'ring dust she meets her end;
Oh! false LAOMEDON, tyrannic sire,
Who durst defraud immortals of their hire!
Thy guardian gods their succours disavow,
Nor to the foe their contradiction shew,
To my resentment and MINERVA's cheat,
The king and people their destruction meet;
But now the noise of jarring wars are o'er,
The Grecian fair adultress shines no more!
No more doth HECTOR, the bright shield display,
Who in the field so often gain'd the day;
My vengeance now on Troy is satisfied,
To MARS let Trojan offspring be apply'd,
Advanc'd to god-head let the victor rise,
And take his happy station in the skies:
His eyes with scenes of pleasure entertain,
In endless glory he shall still remain,
And with the gods shall quaff immortal wine,
And see adoring nations croud his shrine;
The small remains of Troy's afflicted band,
May find a refuge on some desert land,
And concord in a distant land enjoy,
But far be separated Rome from Troy—

Divided by the sea, from that curs'd shore,
Between, let rolling storms and tempests roar;
Still let that curs'd and sad detested place,
Where PRIAM lies, and PRIAM's guilty race,
Be cover'd o'er with weeds and hid in grass.

An Epigram.

GET me some shifts COSMELIA cried,
(Poor Prodigality's fair bride),
Zounds! says the buck, what's this you say?
What need of shifts have we I pray,
Who make so many every day?

The Story of Nisus and Scylla,

TRANSLATED FROM THE 8TH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHASES.

NOW rose the star of morn with fulgent light,
And wide dispels the shades of silent night;
South shifts the winds along the azure way,
Thus vapours gather, and obscure the day;
With joy CEPHALUS sees the gale extend,
And his new friend their spreading canvas bend;
Swift flies the steady vessel o'er the main,
And soon the wish'd-for harbour they attain.
Meanwhile the Cretan king with his brave host
Spread devastation o'er the Attic coast;
Rang'd round ALCATHIO's walls, his army lay
Where aged NISUS bears the sovereign sway.
One purple lock, his head (else hoary) grac'd,
In which the fortune of his realm was plac'd;
Full six long months the land had stream'd with blood,
And undecided yet the combat stood;
Too long VICTORIA seem'd alike design'd
To favour both, to both alike inclin'd.
High on that wall, where once by Sol's commands,
Soft music breathes, a lofty turret stands;

And where the God inclos'd his sounding lyre,
The stones yet still harmonious sounds respire;
Here oft the daughter of the king repairs
Well pleas'd to listen the celestial airs,
And from her hands the stones would cast around,
To strike and to increase th' inchanted sound;
But now from hence her eyes behold the train
Of shining warriors, rang'd along the plain:
Taught by the lengthen'd siege and frequent view,
Each various chief by sight and name she knew;
Each could distinguish in the distant fight,
Nor could the pomp of arms impede her sight.
With looks that more than modesty exprest,
The mighty MINOS kens above the rest;
The crested helmet vainly hides his head,
With it she sees superior beauties spread;
Nor can the spacious shield his form disguise,
With it he seems more lovely in her eyes;
Or when his hands the pond'rous javelin raise,
With frequent sighs she whispers forth his praise;
When he prepares to string the missive dart,
And fair to view displays each manly part,
Let SCYLLA judge, and she would partial say,
EUROPA'S son excels the God of Day!
But when unarm'd, the helmet from his head,
And all his form to open sight display'd;
When thro' the ranks his lofty chariot roll'd,
His coursers harness'd in refulgent gold,
Himself in the superbest raiment dress'd,
The storm of passion rends her frantic breast;

Thrice happy sword that his fair fingers touch,
And you, ye reins (she cry'd) but blest too much;
Were it permissible that she might go
To the close camp of the embattled foe,
To throw herself unhurt upon the plain,
Amidst the warriors of the Cretan train,
Nay, should their king require, the frantic dame
Would sacrifice her country to her flame;
The gates unbar, the city set on fire;
Nay, ought th' enrag'd besiegers should desire.
Thus whilst, with anxious eyes, the longing maid
The argent palace of the prince survey'd—
Whether (she cry'd) should misery or joy
For this my country's woes my thoughts employ,
I stand in doubt, for, tho' I understand,
I love the sworn despoiler of our land;
Yet must I still applaud, in reason's spite,
That war which brought my lover to my sight;
Or if a hostage they should me demand,
Soon should the rage of war desert our land;
Well pleas'd to willing vassalage I'd bend,
To wear the chains the victor should extend:
Fairest of men (she cry'd) were she whose charms
But half so fair that clasp thee in her arms,
No wonder that her bloom the mighty JOVE
Seduc'd from JUNO and the realms above:
O that I were of fleetest wings possest,
To thee I'd fly, and in thy tent would rest.

To him I'd nominate my rank and sire,
And give what portion e'er he should desire;
All but my native land to him I'd give,
As pleas'd as he the bounty should receive:
But rather disappointed be my love,
Than I perfidious to my country prove;
Yet even conquest 'self might prove a bliss,
If conquer'd by a gen'rous soul like his;
His basely-murder'd son provok'd his rage,
With justice in this contest to engage;
The heavenly powers regard his ardent toils,
And will reward him with our country's spoils.
Alas! by fate's decree, this realm must fall,
And one captivity involve us all!
Where then's the need of love in this delay,
By war made certain on a future day;
With countless cares my bosom is opprest,
Lest some ill-fated dart should reach my lover's breast.
Yet if they view'd, the basest would not stand
Against his form to raise his ruffian hand.
But now I am resolv'd—all yields to love;
My sire's dominions shall my portion prove:
By this resolve hostilities shall end,
And tho' the act seem base, yet it to good shall tend:
Yet, ah! these resolutions seem in vain,
At every gate the sentinels remain;
The keys are by my watchful sire possest,
By him my every hope of joy's supprest:
O Heavens! that I had ne'er beheld the day,
Or known a peevish parent to obey;

But how can childish fears the brave appal,
'Tis courage can make deities of all;
High fate from cowardice its aid withdraws,
Whilst courage reaps both profit and applause.
Where is that maid, with such a flame possest,
That would not drive these scruples from her breast?
Tho' certain ruin on her head should fall,
Would not, to gain her lover, hazard all?
Shall other dames more bold th' example shew,
And is it wasting here in silent woe?
Forbid it, Heav'n! not fire and sword shall prove
A barrier equal to my ardent love:
But no such enemies oppose their force,
My father's fatal lock but stops my course;
'Tis that alone my sanguine hope destroys,
And casts a gloom o'er all my wish'd-for joys.
She ceas'd: while o'er the sky, descending Night
Spreads her dark curtains and expels the light;
And as she silent winds her gloomy way,
The virgin's fears by slow degrees decay,
And hopes successive brighter hopes display.
'Twas at the hour when all to rest inclin'd,
When sleep dispels the troubles of the mind,
No sound was heard, then Scylla took her way,
Soft to the chamber where her father lay,
There of the fatal lock, by mischief sped,
Unconsciously deprives her father's head;
Swift with the impious theft, conceal'd by night,
She through a secret gate directs her flight;

By love made bold, to love alone inclin'd,
The hostile camp with speed she seeks to find;
The royal tent she finds, declares the fact,
While MINOS views and shudders at the act:
Behold (she cry'd) the conquering power of love,
I by my actions this assertion prove;
To thee a youthful and a beauteous maid,
The royal heir of NISUS, is betray'd;
To thee my country's gods and father's crown,
A tribute well deserv'd, I here lay down;
The recompence (for which to thee I bring
These presents) is thyself, my lovely king!
From me, great prince! this purple lock receive,
Nor think the offering worthless which I give,
Since on the gift my father's fate depends,
To you his kingdom and his crown descends.
Shock'd at the crime, the monarch back recoils,
Nor with the theft his righteous fingers soils,
Whilst from his eyes stern indignation play'd,
He thus reproach'd the sacreligious maid:
Destruction blast thee, scandal of thy kind!
May thou no place of rest or pleasure find
On earth or air, but be thy carcase hurl'd
An outcast nuisance to th' offended world!
Shall virtuous MINOS with so foul a wretch,
A certain ruin on his country fetch,
On happy Crete, where heavenly JOVE was nurst!
High Heaven forbid! away thou most accurst!
And now the crown of NISUS, and his lands,
Are thus into the conq'ring MINOS' hands.

Whilst the brave Cretan prince employs his care,
To sway the conquer'd, and new laws prepare;
The ships at his command their sails expand,
Stand with the breeze, and leave the vanquish'd land;
Swiftly they run before the fav'ring wind,
And leave neglected SCYLLA far behind;
Far from her hated form he eager flies,
Deaf to her supplications and her cries.
Now mad'ning with despair, she furious grows,
And frantic from her head the tresses throws.
Ah! whither dost thou fly, false man, she said,
From her whose love has thus thy fortune made?
She has to thee, tho' now so soon despis'd,
Herself and sire and country sacrific'd:
Cannot my passion, nor my presence move,
Thy heart obdurate, or engage thy love?
Canst thou not pity my unhappy fate,
Or think, base prince! upon my lost estate?
Canst thou desert a helpless wretch like me,
Whose only hope of refuge was on thee!
What place now hope, redress, or rest supplies,
My native land a waste of ruin lies;
Or tho' unransack'd should my country stand,
Vile treason drives me from the injur'd land;
Or to a more offended parent run,
Whom my perfidious baseness has undone.
A fugitive thro' the wide world I stray,
For one who scornful casts my love away;
Since then thou dost disdain my fond embrace,
Desist thy heav'n-drawn pedigree to trace:

Some ruffian tygress, not EUROPA, bore
Thee on bleak Syrtes' solitary shore;
Nor e'er did changeful JOVE thy mother meet,
Beneath a bull's forg'd form, and bear to Crete;
The tale illustrious of thy birth's not true,
Some real bull thy lustful mother knew.
O father! now thy daughter's death survey,
And country which my baseness could betray;
My punishment from MINOS I receive,
Tho' justice should to you that vengeance give.
For why should he a chastisement extend,
To me who only did for him offend?
Base man! too justly thou to her art join'd,
Whose lust exceeds the bounds of human kind;
She whom a wooden heifer did incase,
Whilst she unnatural bore a bull's embrace,
From whose polluted womb the earth receiv'd
That monst'rous form for which it justly griev'd:
But what are my complaints? the partial gales
Leave them behind, and fill his flying sails.
Right was thy wife PASIPHAE, when she
Preferr'd a bull, ungen'rous man! to thee.
But swift the vessel flies before the wind,
And leaves these shores and hapless me behind;
Believe, base MINOS! SCYLLA knows no fear,
Nor waves nor winds shall long detain me here:
In spite I'll follow thro' the foaming tide,
Cling to the oars, or grasp the vessel's side.
She ceas'd—but scarce the finish'd accent dies
Upon her lips, when forth she eager flies

To tempt the main, while CUPID lends his aid,
And thro' the billows bears the frantic maid;
Soon she o'ertakes the ship; but, spreading wide
Her arms, to fasten on the vessel's side,
Descending from above a hawk is seen,
'Twas NISUS' self, who thus transform'd had been;
Her naked head he beats with sharpest blows,
While she, thro' fear, th' unsteady hold foregoes,
Nor far she falls, but with renew'd surprise,
She finds herself supported in the skies;
Chang'd to a lark, she wings the airy frame,
And CERIS from the rock becomes her name.

Occasional Reflections

ON INFIDELITY.

"Know first thyself, presume not GOD to scan;
"The proper study of mankind, is man."

AWAKE, my soul, and with seraphic zeal,
Upon the wings of pious rage upborne,
Arm to defend, and vindicate that truth,
On which our all, or all that's needful stands;
And as on angel's pinion fancy flies
Thro' truth's bright empire, let her genial song
From Heaven deduce the raptures of its lay,
To sing of mercy and of heav'n-born love.
And ye, O cherubims! that erst did chant
On Salem's mountains to the royal train
Of princely shepherds, by expectance led,
Expectance catholic, from climes remote
To meet and hail the Saviour of the world,
Do ye inspire the ardour of my song,
Direct my feeble essays and approve
The liberal purpose of my lowly theme;
O that it might but in some little serve,
Some little to the welfare of mankind.

Such is the humble wish of him who sings,
Who Heaven in heart-felt gratitude adores,
And man, by Heaven's command, like brother loves;
Then answer'd is my wish, my end obtain'd,
When Heaven is glorify'd, and man is serv'd.
Ye worse than infidels, self-prompted fools,
Blind to your greatest int'rest, madly blind,
That would refuse e'en friendship with your God,
And push aside the proffer'd hand of Heaven,
Which bends to you, with mercy most sublime,
Sublimer far than thy contracted mind,
Obscure and prejudic'd, can comprehend;
That, in compassion to thy helpless state,
Thy inability to act alone,
Stoops down to snatch thee from the op'ning gulph
That widely yawns to swallow thee to ruin,
And plunge thee headlong in an endless woe.
No censure too severe can ever fall
Upon this strange perverseness of the mind;
Obstinacy unnatural and absurd,
Like maniac, violent against itself,
That can such obvious 'vantages disclaim.
Where lies the error? where the latent source,
From whence this strange contumacy proceeds?
Springs it from wilful infidelity,
By self volition urg'd, and self compell'd,
That, spite of all conviction, would repulse,
Damn and discredit each hypothesis,
Because 'tis merely vulgar to believe

The creed, opinion vulgar would confirm;
Or that, which running counter to their wishes,
Stands a strong contrast to their wayward hearts,
Is not delectable to be believ'd.
A man is not that strange automaton,
That self-mov'd engine, independent thing,
That thus can force himself to what he will;
Nor uncoercively will what he would.
The human mind acts by such various ways,
By such mysterious principles is mov'd;
Such wond'rous faculties united serve
To constitute and form the human soul,
That what it is, or how thus strangely made,
We know not: still a stranger to himself,
Man acts and thinks by ways so wonderful,
So unacquainted with his greater part,
That what he is, from whence, or why, he knows not;
Reflection shews to memory the past,
Perception o'er the present object stands,
And strong volition to the future tends;
These understanding, mem'ry, and the will,
The tripartite constituents of the soul,
These human trinity make up in man,
That wond'rous thing himself, himself least knows;
Such are the strange communicating powers
That link the grosser to the subtler parts,
As never yet the philosophic sage,
Howe'er so deeply vers'd in logic lore,
Could with precision hint at, nor conceive.

Yet such the concord, such the union here,
That sage and sophist, equally amaz'd,
Are lost in wonder! wondering at themselves!—
Hence, from this ignorance of what we are,
This inability to act alone,
To will at pleasure, and to think with ease,
Which ev'ry hour's experience plainly shews
We cannot do, should lead us to conclude,
That some omnipotent directing hand,
With mightiest influence acting, tho' unseen,
In viewless contact with the docile soul,
Impels, controuls, and guides her every motion;
When o'er the mind the swift idea shoots,
Or base or virtuous, generous or adverse,
Painful or pleasant, horrible or blest,
Rests it within the limited controul
Of human wills to counteract that hand,
That power incomprehensible, whose touch
Ferments the soul, like agitating winds
Upon the ruffled bosom of the deep,
And sets the unassisting passive mind,
Like neutral engine, on to contemplate,
Propose, resolve, and unresolve those things,
Perchance so terrible but in conceit,
That frighted with the monsters thus imprest
Upon the pliant, unconsenting mind,
That even reason startles at the view,
And hesitating conscience stands in doubt,
T' accede or to reject the impulse strange.

But where, digressive wand'rer! dost thou roam
Thus from thy purpose, from thy first design?
Was it to launch into the mazy sea
Of wild Conjecture, and on Fancy's wing
T' explore the various labyrinths that lead
Into the boundless deep, the vast profound
Of disputation, where the wilder'd soul,
Tost on Utopian surges, oft is wreck'd
Upon the shoals of ambiguity,
Where wild conjectures, systems endless rise,
Fleet and evanescent as transient dreams,
That oft explode ere they are half explain'd,
And leave the anxious mind fatigued and vex'd,
Bewilder'd in the dark uncertain maze
Of fathomless inquiry and research,
Lost to reality, to reason lost:
No! not for this my labouring bosom toils,
Not to investigate those hidden secrets,
Which man ne'er could nor ever shall define;
But to inquire at Truth's bright oracle,
To ask of Reason, prophetess divine!
Where doth originate this baneful spring,
This stream infernal, whose envenom'd draughts,
Poison belief, and choke the hopes of man:
'Twas thus some demon, whispering to mankind,
With foul suggestions, studious to despoil
Man's sweet tranquillity and halcyon peace,
Exclaim'd in all the arrogance and pride
Of hell-born malice, by resentment urg'd,

Of perfect knowledge, mortal, dost thou boast;
Implicitly believe, and gulph down all
The numerous chimeras and the mad conceits,
Th' infinite impostures, and the cheats,
That fetter down the reason of the world,
Trump'd up by politic designing knaves,
To lead your reason blindfold, and direct,
By their pretended shew of sanctity,
The only path to happiness and heaven.
Thus villains dictate, and thus fools obey!—
Clad in religious garb, it matters not
How strange soe'er the doctrines or the creed;
Experience proves, enthusiastic rage
How universal, how contagious too!
Are not a thousand impositions form'd,
Ten thousand sordid cheats, that mock mankind;
The Pagan, Christian, Mussulman, and Jew,
Have each for their impostures their pretence,
And martyrdoms and miracles in each
Are handed forth as uncontested proofs
Of the mad system which each fool pursues;
But ask of reason—reason will resolve,
Resolve to those who ask, or right or wrong:
By cool and sober reason's powerful aid,
Thou can'st determine all thou need'st to know.
If thou art wrong, 'tis dangerous to pursue
The path of error, when reflection calls,
And says, Return! If right, 'tis well—proceed;
Be circumspect, inquisitive, and nice

In each pursuit, where error may be try'd,
Nor suffer tamely those delusive frauds,
That bind reflection down in triple chains
Of superstition, prejudice, and folly,
Lest the expatiating mind should rise
To view and scrutinize illustrious fraud.
They deem it devilish heresy to think
With greater latitude than they prescribe,
And hold anathema those honest few,
Who dare explore, with sacriligious eye,
Those doubtful documents which they propound.
So argu'd hell, and, in concordant phrase,
Argu'd hell's missionaries to the world.
Man, by refinement rais'd from what he was,
His mind, still blest with innocence and joy,
Enjoy'd repose, nor soar'd above itself,
Nor aim'd at ought superior to that sphere
In which omniscient Heaven had fix'd his lot;
Now grown politely bold, refin'd in Pride,
Improv'd in Arrogance, whose wrongful name
The sons of vanity have Knowledge stil'd;
He dares to doubt the justice of high Heaven,
Calls into question the decrees of fate,
And with unmatch'd audacity contemns
The ways of Providence, laughs at the schemes,
And censures, blasphemous, those very ways
The God of Love, by ordinance divine,
Meant as the means, in mercy to mankind,
Of our salvation from eternal woe.
Thus, by his own ambitious reasonings led,

From pristine confidence his wandering mind
Is plung'd into innumerable doubts;
Here, pendant in suspence, th' uncertain soul
Entangled in the wide ambiguous gloom,
Falls, step by step, into successive doubts.
To what do these inquiries lead the mind?
The reasoning sceptic proudly answers, Truth;
But how erroneous is the rash reply!
The long investigation and the search
Of disputation, do not always end
In Truth's illumin'd empire: no! we find
That oft, too oft, th' enquiring heart is led
From ignorance the question to resolve.
Let infidels exclaim with haughtiest cry
That they have found the goddess where she lay
Conceal'd from vulgar men; their cry is false:
What proof, what evidence have they adduc'd
To vindicate those arguments they use,
Or to confute those doctrines they condemn?
Still in uncertainty they seem to doubt
Their own assertions, nor can satisfy
Themselves with what they offer to the world
As incontestible. This plainly proves
That reason is not always in the right,
That man is not infallible as Heaven,
Else should we all, *sans* controversy, know
How to avoid each error, and pursue
One common path to certainty and truth:
But since, from common incidents, we find

That men more frequently go wrong than right,
And as experience, in each instance, shews,
In common things whate'er we do or know,
How small the portion of perfection is,
We aptly may conclude that each resolve,
Each system or opinion we can form,
Except when prompted by the heavenly voice
Of true apocalypse, may verge on doubt:
We hence determine that the sceptic's cause,
Reft of that 'vantage, in this gulph must fall;
'Tis doubt, uncertainty; 'tis deepest doubt;
The rock on which the infidel has split,
Driven from his moorings in that happy port,
Where truth's firm cable, and our anchor, hope,
Had bound his soul in peace and tranquil joy;
Whilst calm religion, kindly, at his helm,
Promis'd to steer him safely thro' the seas,
The storms and tempests of life's various voyage,
And land him gently on the shores of peace.
Is it for you, imperious sons of pride!
Offspring of error, folly's restive brood,
Is it for you, all-wise, all-perfect form'd,
Thus to dispute perfection of your God?
Are you, am I to judge of Heaven's designs,
To scan each purpose, order each decree,
And ridicule those doctrines that inform
The doubting soul her safest way to heaven;
Because our minds, contracted, cannot view,
Or fathom, or with satisfaction guess

What are the grand effects that bounteous Heaven,
With eye intuitive, thro' endless time,
Means to produce from each effective cause.
Because his schemes we cannot comprehend,
Shall we dispute the wisdom of his ways?
Wisdom that, ever perfect, infinite,
Incapable of error and defect,
Still wisely operates, and for the best.
Those holy oracles, by hands divine,
Bestow'd on man, in mercy to his state,
That state of darkness, ignorance and guilt,
In which transgression and contempt of Heaven
Had plung'd him—those indubitable truths,
Which you call falsehood, and that host of saints,
By you denominated vilest cheats.
What are the precepts which they promulgate,
Or what the doctrines that they would enforce,
That you thus basely stigmatize with names,
That would abuse e'en legend most absurd?
Ill suits it with that finite creature, man,
With mind unequal to the simple task
Of knowing in the least degree himself,
Presumptuous thus INFINITY to scan,
And circumscribe the attributes of GOD!
Why, infidel! suppose I grant thee all
Thou shalt advance, and tacitly concur
In every argument, what boots it me,
Or thee, or all mankind in general, this consent?
Where lies the advantage we shall hence derive?

The means of grace that scriptural page disclos'd,
Tho' in profoundest mystic vestment clad,
With seeming contradictions interwarp'd,
Seem'd only so to the unfaithful eye
Of sceptic prejudice; the heaven-led heart,
Secure in these assurances repos'd,
Nor ever entertain'd one single doubt.
Truth in each sentence shone, in every page
Concordance stood confess'd; throughout the whole
Consistency so manifest appear'd,
That to the sacred volume sanction gave,
And stamp'd it as veracity divine.

The humble peasant, who, with sinewy arm,
And reeking temples, till'd the stubborn glebe,
In ardent toil to earn his bitter bread,
Nor once repin'd at this his hardy lot,
Nor murmur'd at the stern decrees of fate,
That plac'd him in condition thus unkind,
When the proud tyrant, with usurping hands,
Seiz'd on the produce of his lab'ring hours,
Or fell oppression dragg'd him to the cell
Of solitary dungeon, there to taste
The yet still bitter pangs of want and woe.
Nay, tho' the rage of fortune and the world
Unitedly conspire to gall his life,
And render being his severest curse,
Still from adversity's profoundest depths,
Thro' each vicissitude of varying woe,
In confidence he tugg'd his loathsome life.

Supported and upborne on firmest hope,
Superior to all sublunary cares,
He view'd a certainty of future joys,
That promis'd to reward his every pang,
With circling ages of extatic bliss.
My state is such that doth exclude
The various raptures that on others wait;
Stern indigence severe, with chilling hand,
Chokes and expunges every spark of joy;
This, with other woes united, renders ev'ry day,
Each hour, each moment of my tedious life
Completely comfortless: what then remain'd,
When quite neglected by the hand of pride,
Spurn'd by the insolent, the rabble's scorn?
What then is left to hope? still, still my heart,
My happy soul, unconquer'd by distress,
Look onward, with new confidence inspir'd,
Beheld from Heav'n the compensating hand,
That held for all my sufferings and my wrongs
A kind reward. Say then, ungenerous train,
Would you, by means uncommonly severe,
Attempt to circumvent my last resort,
And with your hell-like friendships curse me quite?
Yes, thus you mark your philanthropic zeal,
Thus vindicate your charitable plans
Of reformation in the moral world:
But how mistaken are the devious schemes,
The proud suggestions that your doctrines boast?
You say they breed morality and truth,

Inspire devotion and exalt the soul
To more sublime conceptions of her God,
By dissipating far the flimsy shroud
Of useless ceremony and parade.
All this I grant—he who thinks more sublime,
With greater veneration or esteem,
Of the Omnipotent, all nature's God,
Than I, exists not: yes! his wond'rous hand
Appears self-evident in all his works;
But say, shall we disclaim those fulgent truths,
Those evangelic oracles that spring
From sacred revelation's brighter base,
But merely to adopt the simpler code
Of human ethics for our rule of faith?
What tho' for moral rectitude you fight,
Tho' to the mind those wond'rous powers ascribe
Of innate reason, or in that native sense,
Inherent in the soul, whose rightful voice
Can universal rectitude inform.
Suppose it so, what mighty difference stands?
What inconsistency to disunite
The gospel precept from the moral page?
Faith, mercy, hospitality, and love,
Piety, justice, clemency, and truth,
Parental reverence, honestly to all,
The one commands; does t'other these forbid?
No, hand in hand in moral truths agreed,
Have walk'd, in various periods, different climes,
A Zoroaster and a Plato sage,

A Trismagystes, wise Confucius good,
Nor they a Jesus in one point oppos'd,
Their moral doctrines or their truths condemn'd;
But say, tho' man, as perfectly complete
In all those moral documents and rules
As man is capable of being made,
Tho' he with strictest rigour shall attend
To all those obligations and those ties,
That man to man as equal claimant owes;
Does this invalidate religion's claim,
And set as nought our duties to high Heav'n?
As debtor to his God, poor needy man
Stands an insolvent: few, ah! very few
Are those advances he can ever make
To liquidate, much less discharge the debt,
With our most ardent strenuous efforts join'd,
To do those things we have most right to do;
Unprofitable servants are we all,
Our pray'rs are not amongst the claims of Heav'n,
As these result but from our own desires,
Yet it is no unsacred thing to pray;
It vouches our dependence on that hand,
Without whose aid, man little could obtain.
Then rise, my soul, with sacred zeal inspir'd,
In humblest gratitude that grace implore,
That to the wilder'd soul can give repose,
And to the mind, invelop'd in the gloom
Of anxious doubt, can give the cheering light
Of his blest spirit and of heav'n-born peace:

And since our praise of consequence we owe
To him, whose power produc'd us, and supplies
Our various wants, nay more, our comforts too.
Praise him, my heart, in grateful anthems praise
His ever great, his good, his hallow'd name;
And you, your voices join, deluded throng,
You, that by fair-couch'd arguments misled,
Have widely wander'd from your pristine faith,
Return, with penitence to him return,
Who, with a father's fondness can forgive
Your numerous errors and unnumber'd crimes;
Invoke religion, she, whose soothing voice
Speaks not in thunders, nor tempestuous rage,
But, with a genial hand, supplies the balm
Of halcyon comfort to the troubled heart;
From her, and her alone, this truth obtain,
That human happiness in human wit
Exists not, nor in all the base parade
Of studied reasonings, and the subtle shafts
Of logic doubtful, duplicate, and dull:
These arguments, thro' all their pompous glare,
This one poor melancholy fact contain,
Whene'er you tempt this interdicted field,
Much may be lost, but nothing can be won.

Pygmalion and the Statue:

FROM THE TENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

PYGMALION, once a famous Cyprian Lord,
All woman-kind, but most a wife abhorr'd;
And rather chose to lead a single life,
Than taste the nuptial pleasures of a wife;
But choosing to employ his time aright,
In works of sculpture took immense delight;
And carv'd in ivory a maid so fair,
That nature could not with his art compare!
Were nature to employ her utmost skill,
Here she might copy, but could ne'er excell.
Pleas'd with his idol, he commends each part,
And longs t' enjoy the product of his art;
A perfect virgin in her face appear'd,
Compleat in ev'ry beauty, had she stirr'd;
One would have thought she could have mov'd, but she
Withheld her steps to shew her modesty.
PYGMALION'S art so well perform'd the piece,
He lov'd, ador'd, nor could his fondness cease.
He knows 'tis phrensy thus to love in vain,
Nor can the lover yet his love restrain;

The flesh, or what the carver thinks is such,
He vainly thinks seems softer at each touch!
Pleas'd with the thought, he kiss'd the torpid dame,
To ease his breast and mitigate his flame,
But still the harden'd breast remains the same.
And now, with eyes entranc'd, he gazes on,
Yet thinks it mean to term the virgin stone.
PYGMALION thinks the kiss more sweetly warms,
Then hugs the stubborn idol in his arms;
But squeezing hard, he back recoils with fear,
Lest he should hurt the thing he lov'd most dear.
Large treasures to the marble he presents,
With orient pearls, and gold, love's instruments.
Within her chamber he conceals her store,
The thicken'd shelves an ample burden bore;
Here birds, endow'd with speech, were plac'd on high,
And birds, whose notes were heard melodiously:
Here fragrant flow'rs of ev'ry kind were mixt,
And scented amber thickly strew'd betwixt;
Rich robes were round her beauteous body plac'd,
While rings her ears, her neck a collar grac'd,
And an embroider'd zone surrounds her waist.
Thus like a queen the idol is array'd,
With ev'ry grace but most the best display'd;
The maid he lays on an erected bed,
With coverings of Sydonian purple spread,
Himself perform'd the rites, he calls her bride,
Then takes the stubborn virgin to his side,

As tho' she had indeed a thinking mind,
Her head on downy pillows was reclin'd.
Now came at last great VENUS' festal day,
To which the Cyprians due devotion pay,
With gilded horns, (the priest) the heifer brings,
Whilst from his wound the blood impetuous springs;
PYGMALION, with his off'ring, first was there,
When thus to Heav'n he made his frantic pray'r:—
If all we mortals want you can supply,
Be your's the task, O Gods! to satisfy;
Give me my wife I wish, one *like*, he said,
But durst not say, Give me my *iv'ry maid!*
The beauteous VENUS, present at the feast,
Heard his complaint, and soon the meaning guess'd;
The heav'nly strumpet deigns to condescend,
For thrice in chearful spires the flames ascend;
Swift to to the iv'ry maid the youth returns,
Whilst in his heart and eyes, love's passion burns;
He rears her head, and views each lively charm,
He kiss'd her oft, as oft she feels more warm;
Next with his hand her marble breast he tries,
And every sense of feel and sight applies;
Hard as it was before, yet now not such,
Relenting grown, and soft'ning with each touch;
Yet misbelieving still, he tries again,
The mark he sees, the dint appears more plain,
Like pliant wax, which working hands reduce,
With heat of fire dissolv'd and form'd for use.

He would believe, but hinder'd in suspense,
He summons every argument of sense;
The veins beneath his hand's impression beat,
A living virgin, full of juice and heat!
The Cyprian Prince, astonish'd at the change,
Thanks her that wrought a miracle so strange;
When, freed from fear, he now renews the bliss,
And feels more sweetness in the real kiss.
His lips to her's he joins, which seem to melt;
The blushing virgin now his kisses felt;
Then on a sudden open'd her bright eyes,
And view'd the light, and lover with surprise.

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